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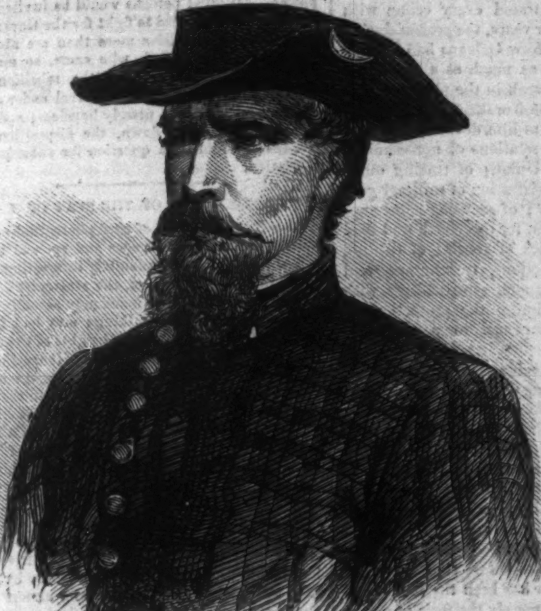


JOHN MORGAN, THE HIGHWAYMAN OF KENTUCKY.

## THE BANDIT MORGAN.

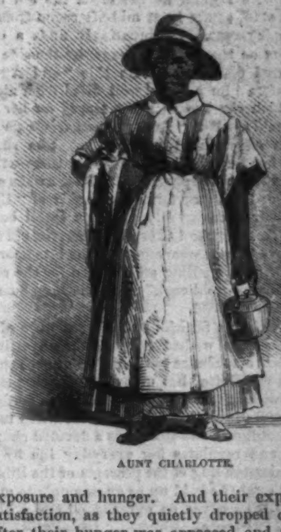
We give herewith a portrait of the guerrilla and bandit, John Morgan, of Kentucky. This man was a well-to-do planter in Kentucky when the war broke out. Having predatory instincts, he collected together a band of dare-devil vagabonds, proclaimed himself their captain, and commenced the life of a guerrilla chief. He has distinguished himself by burning bridges, tearing up railway tracks, robbing supply trains, and plundering and wasting the few remaining prosperous portions of Kentucky. Being well aware of the doom which awaits them if caught, he and his men display the most desperate courage in their encounters with the soldiers and the Home Guards, and thus far none of them have been captured alive. They have just completed a most successful raid through Kentucky, stealing their food, clothing, and other necessaries from the people of whom they claimed to be the friends. John Morgan is said to possess some of the chivalrous qualities of his namesake and prototype, Morgan, the Buccaneer of the Caribbean Sea: they will not, however, save him from being hanged if he falls into the hands of his fellow-citizens in Kentucky. Our portrait of him was made by a prisoner who was lately several days in his hands.

## "AUNT CHARLOTTE"—OUR OLD COOK.

Within our lines at Newbern "Aunt Charlotte," whose portrait we give herewith, is one of the institutions. She is an old family cook. When her master and mistress ran away and deserted her, to join their fortunes and their fates with that of rebels and traitors, on the approach of the national forces, and their premises were assigned by General Burnside as the head-quarters of the Sanitary Commission for his division, "Aunt Charlotte" came into the employ of the Sanitary Inspector for the Department of North Carolina, and many a sick and wounded soldier from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts has had reason to bless the culinary accomplishments of this venerable contraband cook, and to praise the alacrity with which, in times of their greatest need, she exerted her skill to save them from suffering.

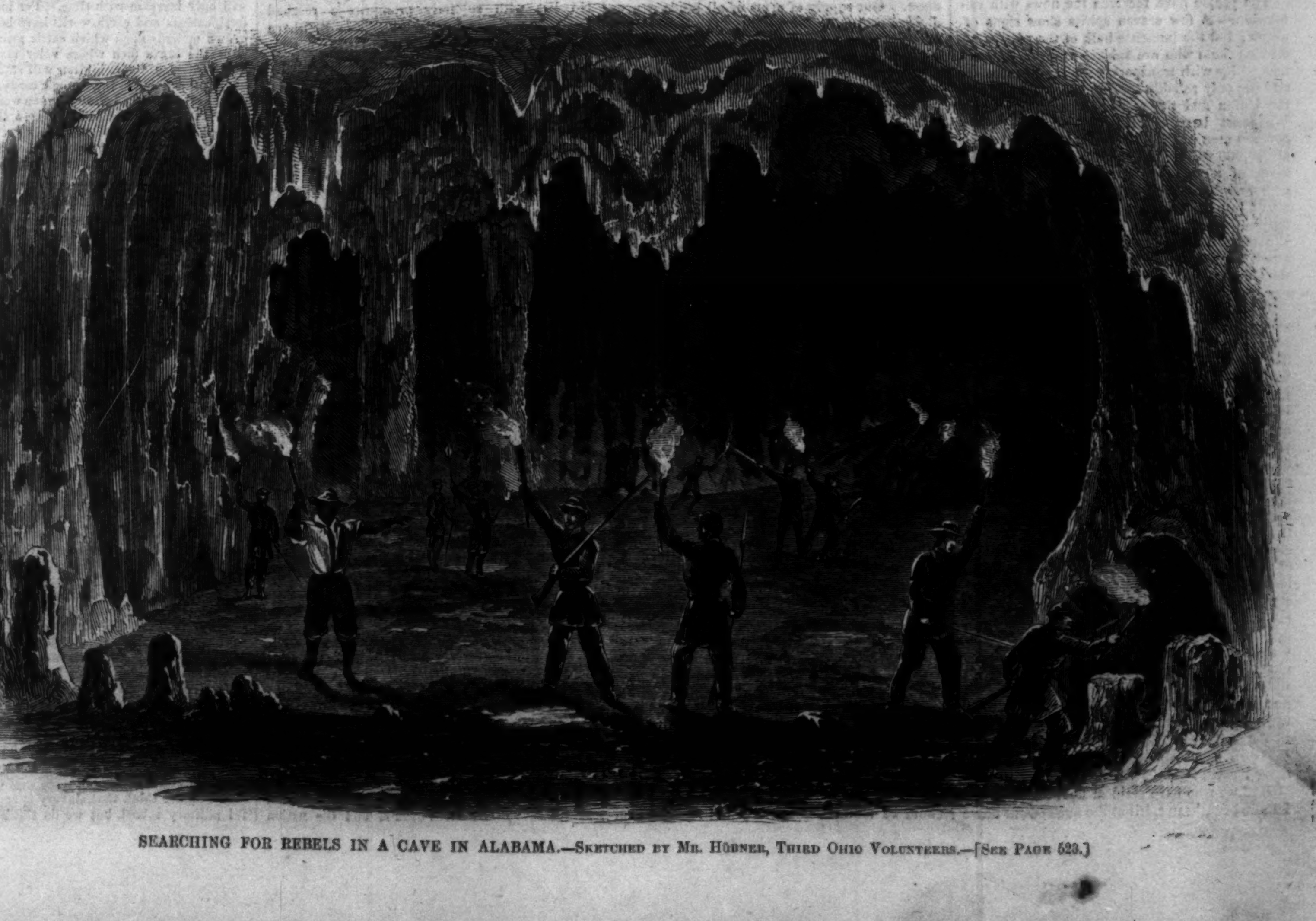
On one occasion, soon after the battle, when a steamboat-load of sick and wounded soldiers from the battle-field were unexpectedly landed in Newbern, and found themselves in a bare hall, with no accommodations for the night, without provisions or any appliances for cooking, and too late in the evening for any relief from the ordinary *regulation* sources—when their able and devoted surgeon—since a martyr to his professional duties—was almost in despair at the prospect of that night's responsibility, "our old cook" was appealed to, and the alacrity with which she came to the relief, and the *unbought* zeal which she brought into that night's work should endear her to all whose sympathies are enlisted for the sick and wounded soldier.

By the time comfortable beds had been prepared for their occupation "Aunt Charlotte" had sent over a warm and bountiful supper for some forty odd famished and exhausted patients—a supper of those choice materials which the noble charity of Northern ladies has so generously supplied the service through the Sanitary Commission, and which the skill of "our old cook," on that night of wretchedness, served up to our wan and famished soldiers with a nicety and a delicacy of flavor which can only come from an accomplished *cuisine*, but which all palates, however unsophisticated, can appreciate. The poor soldiers were no less surprised than gratified at such unexpected relief from the sufferings of that wretched day of exposure and hunger. And their expressions of satisfaction, as they quietly dropped off to sleep after their hunger was appeased and their wants attended to, would almost have paid the old slave woman for her long life of bondage. The next morning, and the next night, and a second morning, did this old "colored lady" add to her ordinary day's labor the preparation of suitable food for this whole hospital of sick and wounded soldiers.



AUNT CHARLOTTE.

"Aunt Charlotte" was born in Charleston, South Carolina, but came many years ago to Newbern, and was the slave of one of its wealthiest citizens. She is about sixty-five years old. She has a great deal of character, and follows a thorough, systematic routine of life—always at her post—always reliable. She possesses no mean administrative abilities. She reminds one of an old merchant,



SEARCHING FOR REBELS IN A CAVE IN ALABAMA.—Sketched by Mr. Hübner, Third Ohio Volunteers.—[See Page 523.]

habituated to a regular, systematic life, with ability enough to keep all surroundings subordinate to that system. It would seem as if, were she to be superseded in her kitchen, she would lose her hold on life, and the whole "darkey" appendage to the domestic establishment would be deprived of its balance-wheel.

When, therefore, on the first occupation of the premises, she was told that so long as she *did right* she would keep her place in the kitchen, and receive six dollars a month, the "old lady" appreciated her position at once, and from that day forth, without further trouble to her employer, was secured the proper regulation and deportment of all the servants "on the lot"—men, women, and children—and of all who visit them. Nothing ever happens among them to annoy or displease. The household is as well-ordered as if her old mistress were there to direct. In fact, appearances would lead to an inference that the old colored servant had heretofore habitually relieved her mistress of all such direction.

"Aunt Charlotte's" domestic relations are as well-ordered as the household. She has children, grand-children, and great grand-children. Her old husband—"Uncle Sam"—*in propriâ personâ*—now almost superannuated, at the age of seventy-five, is General Burnside's gardener. It is touching to witness the habitual care which "Old Aunty" takes of this venerable partner of her life and her bondage. As regular as the clock the old man, with his staff, comes in at mid-afternoon from his daily employment. He invariably finds a chair set for him on the kitchen piazza, by the side of a well-scoured deal table. On this "Old Aunty" places before him a plate well filled from all the dishes which she has that day served for her employer's table. But "Aunty's" *provisions* go further than supplying the appetite. She shows, mayhap, her knowledge of human nature—at any rate, the value of keeping the faculties awake even after a good dinner; for, by the side of "Uncle Sam's" chair is invariably placed a small basket of corn *in the ear*. And after his dinner, the old man may always be seen wearing away the late hours of the afternoon in shelling off the corn for the cow's supper, for "our old cook" allows nothing "on the lot" to suffer for food.

Our sketch is a faithful everyday picture of the old lady, as she wished it taken, in an attitude showing her attendance to the duties of her sphere.

"Aunt Charlotte" has many virtues that ennoble her position. And in the industrious performance of her duties in life, and in her attention to her Christian obligations—for she is a devoted church-member, and regulates her everyday life by her simple understanding of the precepts of the Bible—she might safely be held up as an example to many who pride themselves on purer blood and a higher scale of existence.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 16, 1862.

## IN EARNEST.

The President has ordered a draft of Three Hundred Thousand Men from the loyal States, in addition to the new levy of three hundred thousand volunteers, whose ranks, in case they are not filled by 15th inst., are likewise to be filled by draft.

The people have received the news with exultation. A few craven spirits show signs of alarm; but the immense bulk of the people, including those who are subject to draft, hail the new policy with transport, as being the shortest and the only reliable road to the restoration of the Union and the re-establishment of peace. We must have, at the present time, fully 300,000 men in the field. An additional force of 600,000 will swell our army to the enormous figure of 900,000 effective men, exclusive of negroes. This force will enable us to sweep the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico, even though they should arm every male in their country. We may, therefore, consider the Presidential order of 4th inst. as rendering the victory of the Union a mathematical certainty, beyond all contingency and peradventure.

It will be received in our camps on the Mississippi and the James River with feelings which can be more easily imagined than described. Those gallant bands of heroes, whose ranks have been thinned by the enemy's cannon and the fevers of the Chickahominy and the Tennessee, will learn with inexpressible delight that they are at last to be fully reinforced, and enabled to perform the work which they have undertaken. Our army in the West will read the order as meaning that Vicksburg is to be taken, the highwaymen who call themselves guerrillas hunted down and hung, and the navigation of the Mississippi secured beyond all possibility of accident. The Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac will discern in it substantial evidence that they are to receive from home the strength which they require to take Richmond, and drive the wretched, lying, swaggering slave-owners beyond Virginia into the swamps of the Carolinas, and eventually to the sands of the Gulf. A distinguished officer of the army of the Potomac, who has been here on public business for several days, could not control his feelings when he read the order, but burst into tears like a child, and, falling on his knees, cried, "Thank God! thank God! The country is saved! saved!"

And we who have staid at home, and died a hundred deaths in spirit at the news of our brave brothers being outnumbered in every fight, and perishing miserably in swamps and torrid sand-plains, what shall we say of the news? What can we say except to echo the cry of the officer, and thank God that the country is saved at last, and that our rulers have at length learned the duty of making our superior strength tell in the war, and of leaving nothing hereafter to chance. The policy of drafting once adopted, its application becomes indefinite. The North can satisfy eight more drafts of 300,000 men each, after supplying the 600,000 now called for. If the 900,000 men, who will soon be in the field, should by any accident prove insufficient to subjugate the rebels and hold them down, it will be a matter of perfect ease to call out another levy of 300,000 or 500,000. The work has got to be done, and we can and will do it.

The effect upon the rebels of our new policy will be worth observing. Those among them who have any capacity of reasoning left must realize that it deprives them of the small chance of success which they derived from the previous feebleness of our military policy, and from the division of commands. With all their skill and all their devilish energy they can not hope to cope with 900,000 Northern troops. Such a man as Jefferson Davis must perceive that the cause of the Confederacy is lost. Beauregard, Toombs, and Lovell made the discovery some time since. If the Southern leaders were wise, they would anticipate the future, and at once offer to capitulate, so that their people should escape the consequences of the Confiscation Act. But men engaged in desperate enterprises seldom preserve coolness enough to reverse their policy at critical moments. The probability is that the rebels will be spurred on by the news of the order of 4th to undertake a furious onslaught on Washington or Nashville—that they will stake every thing upon the die, and will either capture the Federal capital at a frightful loss of life, or will utterly ruin themselves in the attempt.

Meanwhile let us not rashly conclude, because the Governments of foreign nations have no present intention of interfering, that foreign intervention may never become possible. Let every iron-foundry in the country, and every ship-yard, be kept employed to its fullest capacity in the construction of the most approved kind of iron-clad ships. Until the war ends, let us never stop building. One hundred impregnable vessels would not be too much to defend so long a coast line as ours, with its bays and rivers. There is no guarantee that is absolutely reliable against foreign intervention but the certainty of being able to repel it.

The work which we have to do is immense. But our capacity is still greater. The South has already developed its full strength. Every able-bodied man is in the army. Every weapon in the rebel States is in use. The public credit is strained to the utmost. Every day increases the difficulty of feeding new levies and arming and transporting them. Of us, on the contrary, we may say, with Paul Jones, that we have only just begun to fight. We have, besides the 900,000 men who will soon be in the field, a reserve of over 2,000,000 fighting men to fall back upon. Our supply of arms of all kinds is prodigious and daily increasing. Our people are only just awaking to the fact that this is a death-struggle for them as well as for the rebels. Our means are unlimited, and our public credit stands higher than it did a year ago. After a year's blundering our military machinery is in order at last. We can now transport and feed and clothe and arm an army more easily than we could have done a regiment a year ago. After a year's playing at war, we have discovered that, in order to beat, subjugate, and keep down 5,000,000 people on their own soil, we must employ every weapon we can find, and enlist in our service every creature and every thing that can assist us—including the 3,000,000 negroes who are ready to take our side.

In the language of gallant General Burnside: "*All is right; all is going right: only you must fill up the old regiments!*"

## GENERAL BUTLER.

The most amusing reading of the day is the articles in the British journals on General Butler. In one article in a leading British paper we find our gallant General accused of "outraging nature and the law of nations," called a "shabby attorney," a "by-word and a hissing," "brutal," "licentious," "insolent," and "vulgar;" "a Yankee spy," a "pettifogger," a dealer in "ungrammatical dirt," "daily lies," "deceit, vanity, and empty boasting." Nearly all the British papers assume, as a matter of undoubted historical certainty, that General Butler consigned the "pure and modern maidens and matrons" of New Orleans to the "brutal licentiousness of a Northern soldiery"—the fact being, as these writers know perfectly well, that not one single lady in New Orleans has been outraged or insulted, and that no idea of outrage or insult ever existed save in the foul and prurient imaginations of these "guardians of civilization." So far from imitating the conduct of the British soldiery at Badajos, Lucknow, Delhi, Canton, etc.—where every female who could be found was brutally outraged—so far from copying the "Booty and beauty" precedent established by the British General Pakenham at this very spot, nearly half a century since—the troops under the command of General Butler have so conducted themselves that not a single complaint of wrong has yet been made by a female, though there have been women in New Orleans so forgetful of modesty and decency as to endeavor to provoke assault by repeatedly insulting our soldiers, and even by spitting on the coffin of a dead officer of our army.

When the history of this eventful period comes to be written few actors upon the scene will win more encomium from the historian than General Butler. His task has been one of supereminent difficulty. He was placed in command of the commercial metropolis of rebeldom, and called upon to hold it with a force about one-third as great as that which fled at his approach. He had to govern a city nine-tenths of whose people had relatives in the rebel army, and who were savagely hostile to him. For ten years before he came New Orleans had been in the hands of organized bands of Thugs, murderers, and robbers, who had overawed the authorities, and who, under the disorderly period of rebel supremacy, had perpetrated every crime with perfect impunity. For years, the season during which he was to hold New Orleans had been so unhealthy that it was as much as a man's life was worth to spend a week in the place; yet he was to stay here with 5000 or 6000 Northern, unacclimated soldiers. On him devolved the duty of regulating the civil relations of non-combatant rebels toward the Union; of tracing out a path for the safe administration of military government in a rebel city; of securing some supplies of sugar and cotton for the North and food for the starving families of rebels; of dealing with an extremely factious, treacherous, and rascally gang of foreigners, sympathizers with the rebellion, and claiming the protection of their respective Governments as a cloak for schemes of treason.

The historian will decide that General Butler's success in grappling with these unparalleled difficulties was so marked and so brilliant as to entitle him to the highest rank among statesmen. For the first time for ten years he has given to New Orleans a good and a strong government. He has put down the Thugs. He has given employment in cleaning the streets to the unemployed workmen, and has thus fed their families and kept the city healthy. He will probably demonstrate before the year is out that yellow fever, which has been the scourge of New Orleans, has been merely the fruit of native dirt, and that a little Northern cleanliness is an effectual guarantee against it. He has held the reins of government with so firm a hand that neither the traitors within nor the rebels without the city have ventured to attack him. He has reopened the port to Northern trade, and under his auspices Southern cotton and sugar are again being exchanged for Northern food. He has fought the foreign intriguers and consuls, and discomfited them at all points. He has established safe and sound precedents for the administration of military government in conquered cities which will be followed for generations. He has with soldierly promptitude rescued Northern property from the hands of Southern rogues. And at the same time he has not inflicted a single injustice upon the most rancorous of his enemies.

If we had a few more Major-Generals like Butler the rebellion would be crushed in short order.

## THE LOUNGER.

### WHAT NEXT?

At the moment of writing the public mind is in a curious condition of suspense. It seems almost to resemble that of the great and good Wigfall in the midst of our spring victories, who said, with bitter humor, upon being asked the news, that he had heard of no new disaster *since* dinner.

The nation lies in a torpor or apathy. It is sound, as we sincerely believe, and heartily resolved and fully capable. It has the wish and the power to subdue the rebellion. But it must have the conviction that its efforts will be made to tell; that the power it has, and is willing to use, shall be used to the utmost. The Government which has hitherto so adequately responded to the average public sentiment, seems not to move quite in harmony with the increased rapidity of that sentiment. At this moment the truly loyal part of the nation—and that is the only portion to which the Government is to look for guidance—unquestionably demands the severest and most comprehensive measures. And it is just the doubt whether they are to come which keeps it in suspense.

It is a condition which requires some radical shock to disturb it and to rouse the national heart. Of course no one believes that the present is a victorious state of the public mind. It is not the spirit which assures success, but sullenly forecasts defeat. It is an infinite pity, let it not become a disgraceful shame, that we are in this mood. But what can give us the shock? What can rouse us?

There are but two ways in which it can come. It must be from the enemy or from ourselves.

It may come from the enemy by some desperate movement against the army of the Peninsula or upon Washington. If the rebels should advance with a heavy body of seventy or eighty thousand men through Eastern Virginia, and the nation should see its capital actually threatened by them, if it did not spring to arms a million strong it would be because we have all been mistaken in supposing that we were a brave and patriotic people. The Government would fall, and utter anarchy succeed it.

On the other hand, the shock may come from our own Government by its frank declaration of the actual peril of the country, and by the summons to arms of every loyal and capable man in the land.

The immediate consequence at the North would be the conviction that the hour had come for the death-grapple with rebellion; every man would know that while he struck at the disease he slew also the root of the disease, and every one would be compelled to throw himself either entirely with or entirely against the Government. At the South society would be disintegrated. The leaders among the soldiers must inevitably scatter to their various homes. They know better than we how mysteriously and instantly such news circulates among the slaves. In 1812 they pleaded fear of insurrection as a reason for not contributing men to the war: the white population was too thin.

It is better that this should be done than that the nation should be destroyed. Then if done, the general levy would be regulated by the national power. All loyal persons would be invited within our lines and enabled to fight for the Government. If there were a million more than are absolutely necessary for the work who came, so much the better. The suppression of the rebellion would then be so absolute that its revival under any circumstances would be utterly hopeless; and the insurrection once put down, the disposition of the freedmen would be a question for subsequent deliberation.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

Mr. Brady's series of card photographs of characteristic and famous scenes and spots at the seat of war in Virginia is profoundly interesting. With these in hand, or in box, the strategist who conducts the campaign at home may actually see the places of which he is talking; may look far over the bare, sad plain from the heights of Centreville, or stand among the ruins of Mrs. Henry's house at Bull Run where the battle was fiercest; or muse over the soldiers' graves; or lean upon the pier of the shattered stone bridge where the flight of our army was choked and terrible slaughter followed; or sit upon the low, awkward piazza of the old Virginia house in which Johnson had his head-quarters just before the evacuation of Manassas; or gaze from Cub Run to the brow of the hill where the brave Haggerty was buried. Then descending to the Peninsula, the strategist at home may see the interior of battery No. 1, at York River, with its huge guns, or Fairhold's house close by; or he may step closer to the works and almost lay his hand upon the one and two hundred pound rifled guns; or move on to the mortar batteries beyond with groups of officers at their posts; or look out upon the broad, calm York River from the earth-works through the orchards; or chat with the contrabands in front of the old cabin which was Lafayette's head-quarters; or pass with amazement through the gateway at Yorktown; or count each pane of glass in the windows of the White House. Returning, you may pause before the slave-pen of Price, Birch, & Co., in Alexandria, and cross the Long Bridge to Washington.

The collection has an almost painful interest. The vivid reality of the pictures recalls a thousand melancholy memories, and the interest is one which will only increase with time. For long after the fortifications and earth-works have become grass-grown mounds upon which cattle graze, and long after the brave men whose valor made them famous are gone, their children will stand pensively among them, and in these magic cards see them exactly as they were when the cannon were just planted, the timber just felled and placed, the earth just heaped up; and the bravest heart grew sober and the most buoyant mind grave as they contemplated the magnitude and character of the work to be done.

### A LITTLE COMMON SENSE.

"But why," asks an honest man, "why do you people, who insist upon saving the Government at any cost, always lurch into the slavery question? Why not let slavery take care of itself? It is doubtless scotched and killed by the war. But while honest Union people differ about it, why thrust it forward every time the war is mentioned? Do you think that slavery is such a splendid military school that the blacks would be superior soldiers?"

Here is a volley of questions, but the answers are not very difficult.

We say the Government must be saved even at the cost of slavery, because there are a great many who call themselves and think themselves faithful Union men, who say that there is one price that we have no right to pay, and that is liberating slaves.

We, too, insist upon letting slavery take care of itself when the Government shall invite every loyal man to its assistance. But those who complain of us are the very ones who insist that slavery shall not take its chances, but shall be especially protected.

We speak of it constantly because every sane man in the land knows that the war comes from slavery. If there had been no slavery there would have been no war. To say that the Abolitionists caused it does not help the matter. For what made the Abolitionists? And so long as men are men, just so long, wherever there is a Pro-slavery, there will be an Anti-slavery party. The same sane man knows not only that the war began in slavery but that its present strength is there. Sting that, and the whole rebellion writhes. That fact indicates a policy: and for that reason we hold it before the public mind.

We do not think that slavery is such a wonderful military school, but we do think that if you can make it the interest of four millions of persons among ten million enemies to be your friends rather than indifferent to you, you have taken a very short road to defeating them. It is not the actual military aid of the freedmen themselves, but the inevitable effect upon the mind and the army of the rebellion, and the effect upon the great body of loyal men, the immense majority, who wish to feel that they are not only saving their country but slaying its enemy, which is the conclusive argument for the liberating policy.

We have not all of us always been of this opinion. So long as it seemed to be quite certain that the insurrection would be suppressed by the army in the field the question was inevitably postponed. But now that the exigency demands the most stringent measures, it inevitably reappears.

We debate it and insist upon debating it, because in this country public opinion governs, and when you have persuaded that, you have inaugurated a policy. To refrain from the attempt to influence public opinion for the reason that you differ from it is only to say that you mustn't try to change it because it is not changed—which is not a wise thing to say. Nobody wishes to go faster than the general public sentiment approves, because in this country, where public opinion is educated and intelligent, whoever outruns it overshoots the mark of useful action. But meanwhile there is no duty so solemn as the enlightenment and elevation of public opinion; and to that end a frank and full discussion is always essential.

To suppose that such questions can be left to the "course of events," as if there were any course of events independent of human agency, is futile. What is the course of events but a series of actions inspired and controlled by the wishes and the will of men? When the people of this country heartily desire a certain result the course of events will secure that result. *Your* duty, meanwhile, is to try to make them desire what you believe to be essential to their security. And you don't try so long as you hold your tongue.

### A NEW BROOM.

It can not be denied that the nation is disposed to give a fair trial to every chief military adviser whom the President summons. When General Scott retired and General M'Clellan was called to succeed him, there was a universal expression of confidence and satisfaction. We instantly extolled the untried chief—untried as the leader of hundreds of thousands of men—as if we knew him to be what Napoleon was after his long experience. It was in vain that he modestly held his tongue, or modestly said, when a sword was given him in Philadelphia, "I have done nothing to deserve it." Pooh, pooh! we replied; it is useless to deny that Julius Cæsar and Hannibal were charlatans compared with you.

A year has passed, and General Halleck is called to the chief command. He too is received with willing confidence. There are many who think that his order No. 3 cut him off from the surest sources of information. There are many who wonder about Beauregard's retreat from Corinth. There are some who ask whether the plan of the Western campaign must not be abandoned, and the troops which have been so scattered concentrated at a few commanding points. But whatever the questions and criticisms, there are probably very few persons in the country who do not concede to him great military knowledge and a general sagacity, which is the ablest ally of special science.

He finds a willing people, who believe in their cause and are fully capable of maintaining it, and who ask only that they may be led with vigor and comprehensive intelligence. No man had ever a finer chance. The nation waits for its victory and for its regeneration. It asks that no blood shall be considered too precious to be shed for it, that no means shall be spared to secure it. If it feels and sees that General Halleck's policy is of this kind, that it is neither timid nor vacillating, it will believe that he fully understands the crisis, and will give him all the hands and hearts he wants.

### A WORD WITH WORKING MEN.

There was recently an extraordinary statement, that the President of the United States had sent in a Message recommending his subordinates to employ persons of African descent as laborers.

That the President wishes, with every honorable man in the country, that every honest, capable, industrious, loyal person shall have plenty of work, and plenty of pay for it, we have no doubt. But the President is eminently a man of good practical sense, and that he has especially recommended the employment of some loyal men to the exclusion of others, as this story implies, we have very serious doubts.

The whole weight of practical difficulty in dealing with the slavery question as connected with the war is the Irish jealousy of colored men. Mr. Fernando Wood and the sympathizers with secession are constantly pulling this wire. "Yes," they say, "that's it. The negro is to be exalted at the expense of the Irishman"—or white man, as they more broadly put it. This is the steady talk of some papers, while others are established for the very purpose of cherishing this prejudice.

But the very cardinal principle of the Government is its impartiality. It recognizes men as men, and proposes ultimately to treat them as such without favor to any class. No man more truly comprehends the essential character and intent of that Government than the President, and there must be some mistake in the report, which we hope may be corrected before these lines are read.

Now will any reasonable man, whether he be an Irishman or not, just consider this: that the slaves are born in the South, and have a very strong attachment to their native region; that there is much more room there than here; that the climate suits them exactly; that they understand the work of the South; that they are not in the least a migratory people; and that the only reason why they come North at all is that they are kept as slaves instead of being hired as laborers at home. When they are free there will not be a single reason why they should wish to leave the South. While they are slaves, of course they will run away whenever they can, and will become the direct rival of Northern laborers. When they are free they will stay where they were born, and where they prefer to live.

A very little common sense goes a great way in considering this question.

### A LITTLE CHARITY.

The war ought to teach us all one lesson, and that is, forbearance in criticism of leaders. We really know so very little. Yet we all talk vehemently of plans and purposes, of successes and failures which we do not fully understand, because we have no means of knowing the truth. Common sense, we say, and we say truly, is as good in war as it is in every thing else. But the remark may remain true, and yet not very closely affect the particular point we are discussing.

Take our peninsular campaign as an illustration. All we know is, says some zealous patriot, that a splendid army went there superbly equipped, and that it is half gone and in deadly peril. Common sense settles that easily enough.

Yes, so it does if it knows the facts. If it knows whether the peninsular campaign was carried out as it was conceived; if it knows why it was undertaken; if it knows the difficulties and dangers of other plans, then common sense may settle it. But common sense will certainly agree that Phocion was no fool when he advised against the battle which was fought and won. When they reproached him he answered, "Yes, but my counsel was correct."

Every story comes to us so beclouded with rumors, so broadly and extravagantly stated, that it is only common charity to wait a while until the fog lifts. A general may not be so great as Marshal Turenne, but it does not follow, therefore, that he is an idiot, a traitor, or a charlatan.

Our natural disappointment at results delayed, or at positive defeat, makes us very savage upon somebody. "Off with his head; so much for Buckingham!" is vigorous, but wonderfully unjust when Buckingham is a faithful, skillful servant who has done his best.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Bachelors' Hall.—An architect proposes to build a Bachelors' Hall, which will differ from most houses, in having no *Eves*.

The following advertisement appeared lately in an Irish paper "To Let—the upper part of a cellar—to a small family, rent low. P.S. Privilege on the pavement for a pig."

A lady who had a silk gown spoiled in being re-colored, brought an action against the establishment, and summoned several of the workmen to give their *dying* testimony.

If a man bumped his head against the top of a room, what article of stationery would he be supplied with?—Ceiling whacks.

"I can not bear children," said Miss Prim, disdainfully. Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles, mildly, before she replied—"Perhaps if you could you would like them better."

Important Inquiry.—Are all the victuals mixed together when the soldiers have a mess?

A public speaker should never lose sight of the thread of his discourse: like a busy needle, he should always have the thread in his eye.

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in signing his name, he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole in the paper.

Hoops.—Woman has found her true "sphere" at last; it is about twenty-seven feet round, made of hoops.

The man whom you saved from drowning, and the man who never pays what he owes, you may consider as alike *indebted to you for life.*

A woman may be indifferent to courts, courtiers, and courtesy, but not to courtship.

Why are military officers the most unlucky of men?—Because they are always in some *mess* or another.

Generally speaking, the beggars most ashamed of begging are those that have to beg pardon.

A pretty female artist can draw the men equally with a brush and a blush.

A sham-fight, like certain high tones in vocal music, is a false-set-to.

Rob a man of his *life*, and you'll be hung; rob him of his *living*, and you may be applauded.

Peace can do a good deal toward making a gentleman, but war is more likely to finish him.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble?—A green pear.

A quaint quibbler says that the world was first governed by canons, and then by cannons—by mitre and then by nitre—by Saint Peter, and then by Salt Petre.

A Natural Consequence.—The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

The importance of spelling correctly is seen by the following, especially the necessity of spelling lager beer as it should be. Mr. Todd, wishing a supply of Fourth-of-July beverage, wrote as follows:

"Messrs. Blotch & Drinker sen me up as soon as possibal a cask of Brandy and one Large Bear for forth of Juli sen the Bear by express. in Haist. Reuben Todd."

The answer comes as follows:

"Mr. Todd—*Dear Sir:* We send you to-day one cask of brandy and the bear, by express, as requested. You must feed him on raw meat, and be very careful that he does not escape, as he is very savage. He cost $4 00, and we let you have him for the same. Please forward payment. Yours, respectfully, Blotch & Drinker."

The consternation of Reuben Todd was complete when the furious animal was landed at his shop door, with a half-scared curious crowd around it, and it was only by a sacrifice of the cask of brandy for a keeper, and a couple of trips to New York, that he got rid of his ugly property and learned how to spell lager beer.

"Mamma, may I go a-fishing?" "Yes, sonny, but don't go near the water. And recollect, if you're drowned I shall skin you as sure as you are alive."

Don't confide your secrets to an inordinate laugher—he might "split."

It is easy to live well among good people; but show us the man who can preserve his virtues in spite of strong temptation and universal example.

If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.

A young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.

He who makes an idol of his interests makes a martyr of his integrity.

Inquisitive Questions by a Landsman.—"Is sailors' grog kept in the port-holes?—When a ship answers her helm what does she say?—And does a ship's captain drive his lady round the deck in the gig?"

A poor seamstress finds it hard work to thread her way through life's wilderness.

Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; because he keeps chairs and lounges about the place.

How to Cure the Toothache.—It is said that toothache may always be cured by holding in the hand a certain root—that of the tooth.

Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler?—Because he is no *better*.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which, he says, is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the mouth a gutta-percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the person snores he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and of course reforms.

James Ferguson and his wife led a cat-and-dog life, and she is not once alluded to in the philosopher's autobiography. About the year 1750, one evening, while he was delivering to a London audience a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus, when all the notice Ferguson took of the matter was the observation to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

A person boasting of being able to sing alto, tenor, or bass—Tom turned on his heel and said, "Yes, I know you can sing very high, very low, and very *middling*."

### DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Which is the most extravagant of all coats?
*A waste coat (waistcoat).*

Why is a blind man like a water-pipe?
*Because he is generally led (lead).*

Why did the accession of Victoria throw a greater damp over England than the death of King William?
*Because the King was only mist (missed), but the Queen was raining (reigning).*

My first is of illustrious line,
Of beauteous form and face divine;
Which when my second does assail,
Both form and beauty then do fail;
My whole's an arduous task to do,
With wives who naughty ways pursue.

*Man-age.*

Who is the greatest dandy of the ocean?
*The swell of the sea.*

Why does a sculptor die a horrible death?
*Because he makes faces and busts (bursts).*

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE NEW LEVIES OF 600,000 MEN.

The following order, calling for militia from the several States, has just been issued:

War Department,
Washington, *August* 4, 1862.

*Ordered, First*—That a draft of three hundred thousand militia be immediately called into the service of the United States, to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the States, and establish regulations for the draft.

*Second*—That if any State shall not by the 15th of August furnish its quota of the additional three hundred thousand volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers in that State will also be made up by a special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish regulations for this purpose.

*Third*—Regulations will be prepared by the War Department, and presented to the President, with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteers for meritorious and distinguished services, and of preventing the nomination and appointment in the military service of incompetent or unworthy officers. The regulations will also provide for ridding the service of such incompetent persons as now hold commissions.

By order of THE PRESIDENT.
Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

### THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The rebel batteries on the south side of the James River opened fire at midnight on 31st ult., upon the mail-boat landing at the head-quarters of Colonel Ingalls, at Westover, killing four of our men and wounding five. Colonel Ingalls returned the fire with 32-pounders, and soon silenced the enemy's guns. A few of our vessels were struck by stray shots, but were not injured.

On 1st August General M'Clellan threw 600 men across the river, who destroyed woods, houses, and every thing which could afford shelter to the enemy. The expedition sent across the river accomplished its purpose without the loss of a man. At last accounts our gun-boats were shelling the houses and the entire shore, within range, down the river.

The army is in fine spirits. General M'Clellan is busy reviewing the different corps every day. A reconnoissance of a body of cavalry and infantry was made on 1st, down the Chickahominy as far as Williamsburg, when they met our pickets. None of the enemy were seen in the course of their advance.

### A RECONNOISSANCE TOWARD PETERSBURG.

Our troops occupying the south shore of the James River made a reconnoissance to within fourteen miles of Petersburg on Sunday. At Cox's Mills, five miles back, they met the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry in line. Our men charged on them, when they broke and ran. They drove them to their encampment at Sycamore church, two and a half miles further, where they again formed, but were put to flight, leaving behind all their tents, camp equipage, and commissary stores, which our troops gathered together and burned. The rebels had two horses killed, six men wounded, and two taken prisoners. Our loss was one horse killed. After scouring the country a short distance further they returned to the river.

### WHAT M'CLELLAN WANTS.

General M'Clellan, in a letter to Governor Washburne of Maine, dated July 15, says: "New enlistments should be made to fill up old regiments, rather than to raise new ones. I would prefer fifty thousand recruits for my old regiments to one hundred thousand men organized in new regiments."

### POLICY OF THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

General Halleck, according to the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has recently defined his position with regard to certain matters of importance. He stated to certain prominent citizens of Ohio, and authorized them to make use of the statement as they chose, that he was and had been in favor of a thorough confiscation of all the property of rebels, slaves, etc., included. He explained that order No. 3 was intended, in spirit, to apply to any body, blacks or whites; that his theory was that no men not having military business with the army should be allowed to be about it, and that it was with the sole purpose of keeping military operations as secret as possible that the order was issued. He stated that he had issued orders to M'Clellan to impress and use all the negroes he could get in any way in which he can make them useful, and that he was to pay no attention as to whether they were slaves or free, or whether the slaves of Union or rebel masters. These questions belong to the civil law; but as the rebels had brought on the war, military men had no business with and would not consider them.

### THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope took the command of his army on 29th ult. Intelligence from his advance states that no enemy in force has been discovered between Culpepper and Gordonsville; but it is supposed that strong intrenchments are being constructed at the latter place by the rebels. Our troops are represented to be in the highest spirits, and confident of complete success when they shall meet the foe. The secessionists appeared to be considerably exercised upon his arrival, but it is said are not disposed to take the oath of allegiance. Several of them are being escorted outside our lines.

### CAPTURE OF ORANGE COURT HOUSE.

Major-General Pope has pushed a reconnoitring column as far as Orange Court House and defeated two cavalry regiments of the enemy, under General Robertson. In his official dispatch he describes the affair in these words: "The reconnoitring column, under General Crawford, crossed the Rapidan and pushed forward to Orange Court House yesterday and took possession of the town, which was occupied by two regiments of the enemy's cavalry, under General Robertson. Eleven of the enemy were killed and fifty-two taken prisoners; among the latter are one major, two captains, and two lieutenants. Our loss was two killed and three wounded. The enemy retired in such haste as to leave their wounded in our hands. The railroad and telegraph line between Orange Court House and Gordonsville were destroyed."

### ARE THE REBELS EVACUATING RICHMOND?

Intelligence from General Pope's head-quarters, partially confirmed by reports prevalent and believed in Washington, states that the rebels are really evacuating Richmond and taking up their position on the south bank of the James River. The cause of the movement is said to be the appearance of a pestilence at Richmond.

### UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE "ARKANSAS."

A special dispatch from Vicksburg, on the 23d, recounts the gallant but unsuccessful attempt to capture the rebel ram *Arkansas*. It appears that, according to agreement between Commodores Davis and Farragut, the fleet from below was to engage the lower batteries, and the fleet above would engage the upper ones, while the gun-boats *Essex* and *Queen* were in the mean time to attack the *Arkansas* and tow her out. In consequence of a misunderstanding only a few shells were fired from the mortars below, and had no other effect than to divert the fire from the *Essex*, which attempted to run into the *Arkansas* and jam her against the levee, but the latter swung round and the *Essex* grazed her side. As she passed she gave the rebel craft three eleven-inch shot from her bow guns. Upon finding herself unsupported she dropped down the river. The *Queen*, coming to her aid, ran into the *Arkansas*, making her tremble from stem to stern. Recovering herself, the *Queen* ran on her again, but so forcibly as to strain her own works badly. Both boats then returned up the river.

### REBEL CRAFT ON THE YAZOO.

From Vicksburg it is reported that the steamer *Star of the West*, captured some time ago off Galveston by the rebels, is up the Yazoo River, and armed with twenty-two guns. She is iron-plated to a considerable extent. The *W. H. Webb*, a powerful ocean tow-boat, is also up that river, and has been plated something in the style of the *Sumter*. She is constructed as a ram. In addition to these the *Mobile* and thirty other steamers are said to be up there. The *Star of the West* and the *Webb* came up from New Orleans when that city was captured, bringing, among other rebel plunder, 108 guns. At Liverpool, sixty-five miles up the river, the rebels have an ingeniously contrived raft, which is a perfect lock against ascending boats. They have also a powerful battery on shore at that point.

### CAPTURE OF A VALUABLE PRIZE.

On the 31st the United States gun-boat *Magnolia* made the British steamship *Memphis*, Captain Cruikshank, from Charleston, South Carolina, bound to Europe with a cargo of cotton, she having run the blockade on the evening of July 27, and put a prize crew on board, and accompanied her to this port. The *Memphis* is a fine propeller of about 800 tons burden. Her cargo consists of 1575 bales of Sea-Island cotton, worth half a million dollars.

### A REBEL VIEW OF THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.

A refugee from Richmond states that it was asserted in the Richmond *Examiner* office in his presence that "General Lee had 220,000 men in the late battles, and 40,000 in Richmond as a reserve. Even the rebels accorded to M'Clellan the greatest praise for his masterly retreat. On the 2d of July the *Examiner* announced that he was surrounded, driven into a swamp, and his stores, ammunition, artillery, and wagons captured. Jackson, it was said, was in his rear, Huger on his left, Hill and Longstreet on his front, and Magruder on his right, and the next day it was confidently expected he would be escorted through the streets in a cage. Next day, however, the tune had changed, and the *Examiner* began its display head to the news with this line—"The bird has flown." The rebels were out-generaled, and M'Clellan all right.

### SALE OF REBEL BELLS IN BOSTON.

Four hundred and eighteen rebel church bells, which had been sent to New Orleans in response to the call of General Beauregard, and captured in that city, were sold in Boston on the 30th ult. They weighed together upward of one hundred thousand pounds, and brought about twenty-four thousand dollars.

### REBEL PRISONERS TAKING THE OATH.

It is stated that between four and five hundred of the rebel prisoners confined in Fort Delaware have voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance. The Louisiana Tigers were the most anxious to return to their loyalty.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

### THE MOTION FOR RECOGNITION.

An important debate in the British House of Commons took place on the 18th, on the question of mediation in America. Mr. Lindsay made the motion for mediation, but after a very full discussion, in which Gregory and Whiteside took part on behalf of the rebels, and Mr. Forster and others on the part of the North, Lord Palmerston overwhelmed him in a very thorough and statesmanlike speech, and he withdrew his motion.

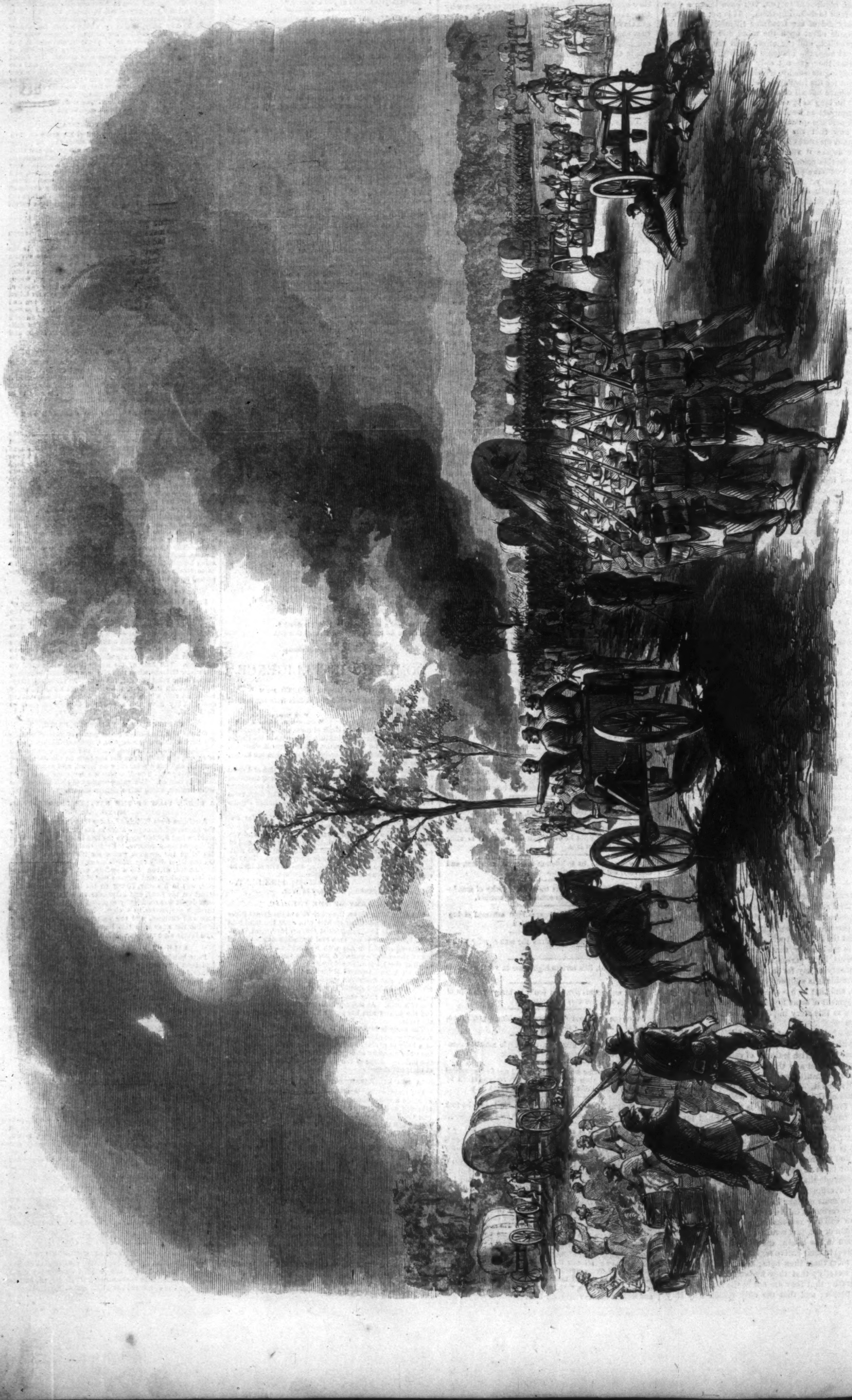
### ARROWSMITH REDIVIVUS.

A *canard*, purporting to have come by the *Glasgow*, announcing the utter defeat of General M'Clellan, and the probable capitulation of his army, had been circulated in London on the day of the debate, and was generally credited.

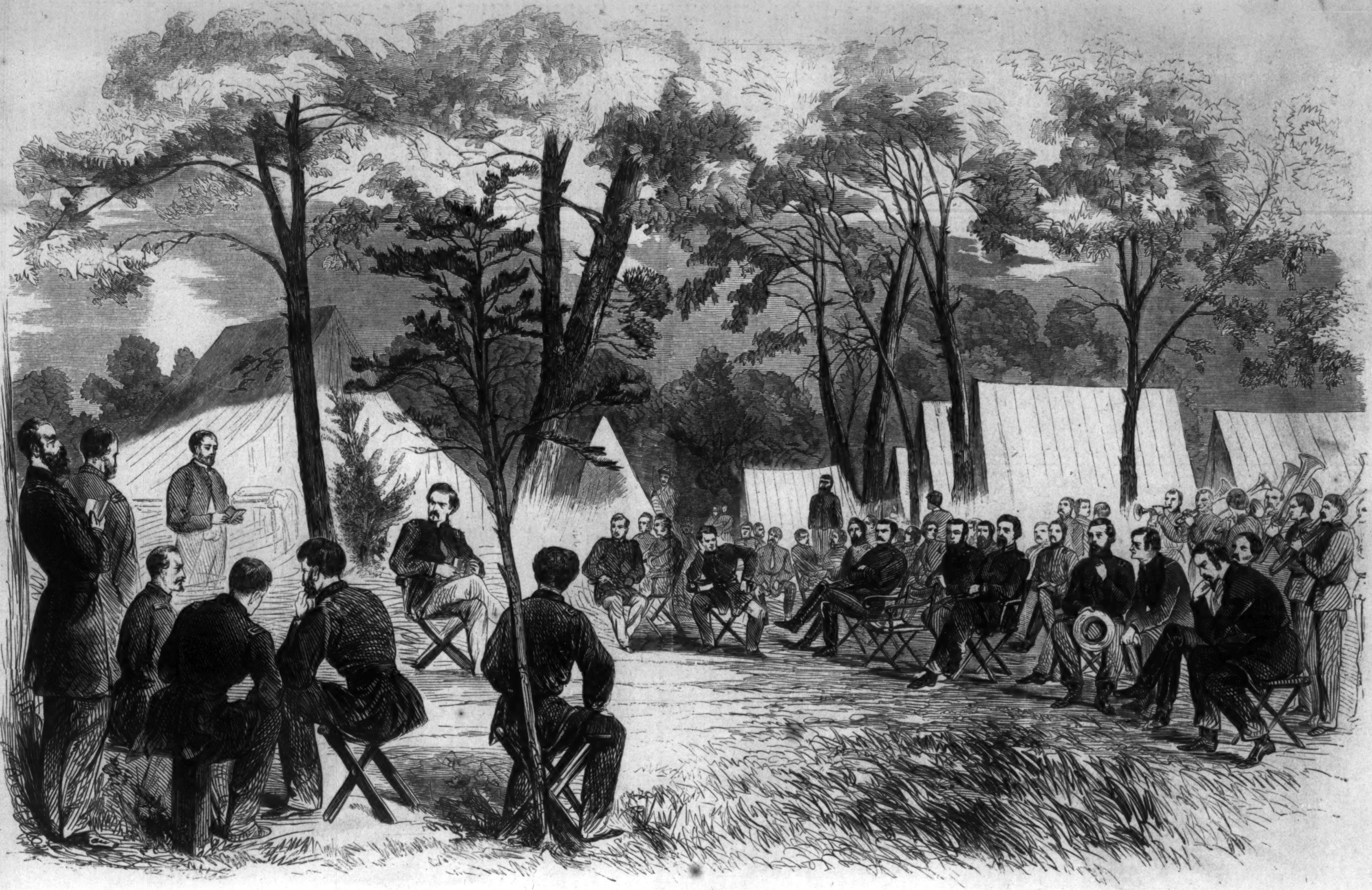
### THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

### A NEWSPAPER-OFFICE MOBBED.

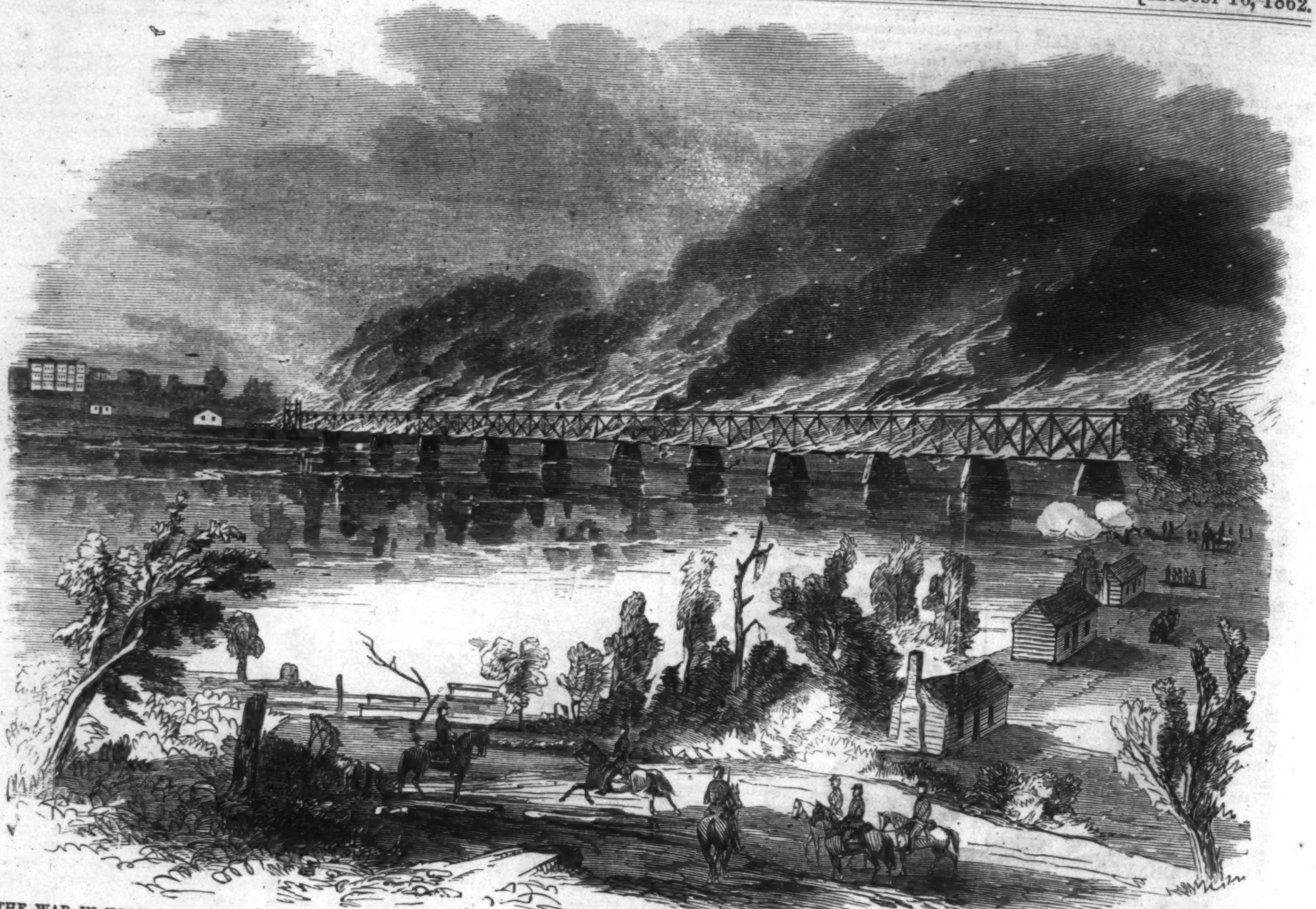
The office of the St. Croix *Herald*, published at St. Stephens, New Brunswick, was mobbed on Monday night, and the materials in it almost entirely destroyed, because the paper has advocated the Union cause.



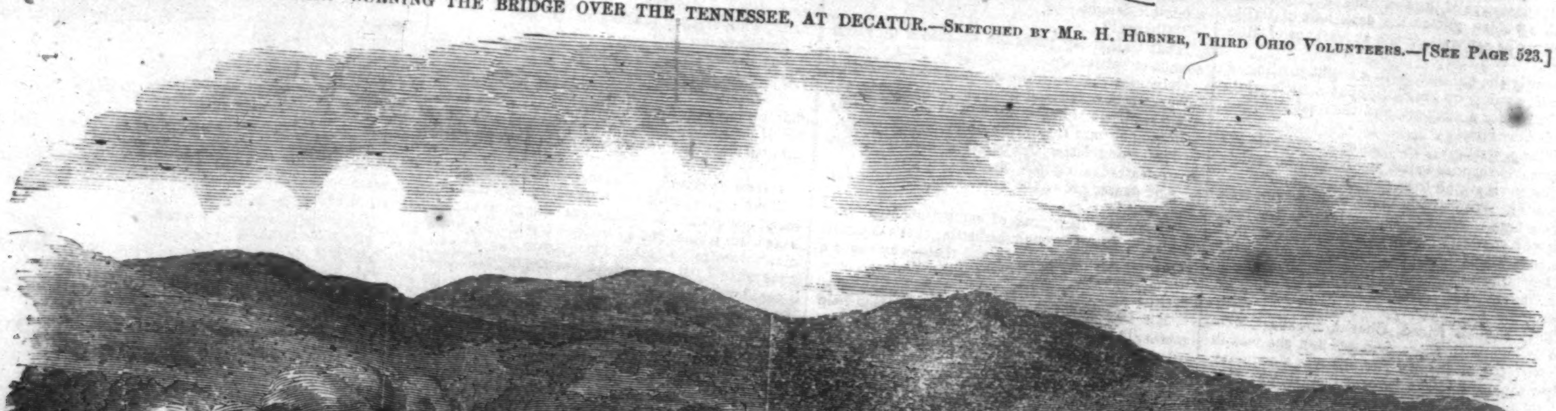
SCENE NEAR TRENT'S HOUSE, FORMERLY GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS—FRANKLIN'S CORPS FALLING BACK—JUNE 29, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 528.]



SUNDAY AT GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS—DIVINE SERVICES IN CAMP.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 523.]



THE WAR IN NORTH ALABAMA.—BURNING THE BRIDGE OVER THE TENNESSEE, AT DECATUR.—Sketched by Mr. H. Hübner, Third Ohio Volunteers.—[See Page 523.]



THE WAR IN NORTH ALABAMA.—ROUT OF A REBEL FORCE, UNDER GENERAL LEDBETTER, NEAR BRIDGEPORT.—Sketched by Mr. H. Hübner.—[See Page 523.]

## WOMAN'S CALL TO THE MEN OF '62.

But a little while ago
Went brave heroes from our side,
Eager, longing for the foe—
Many for their country died.
Still that foe is marching on
Where "Old Glory" floats to-day;
Brothers, rouse ye, and begone—
Take our blessing, and away!

We, who looked so frail and weak,
Shrinking at the sight of blood:
Now we've but one word to speak,
Go! and trust your lives with God.
He who marks the sparrow's fall
Guide your footsteps in the fray;
Only hear the country's call—
Take our blessing, and away!

For the sake of those who lie
Pale in death for freedom's sake,
We send our loved ones, nor sigh
For the sacrifice we make.
Brother—Husband—Lover—Son,
Time and tide brook no delay!
*Now* this great work must be done—
Take our blessing, and away!

Bless'd and honored shall ye be,
If God send you back in peace,
When our country shall be free,
And this dreary warfare cease.
But till honor is secure
Not one moment be your stay!
Prove what freemen can endure—
Take our blessing, and away!

If ye come not back again,
You shall watch us from above—
Calm and steadfast, through all pain,
Worthy of your highest love.
*We* have vowed a solemn vow
Ne'er to yield to rebel sway:
Only cowards linger now—
Take our blessing, and away!

## "FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE."

### I.

Through the window of Mrs. Sydney's parlor shone the last rays of the declining sun, and touched with a golden glitter the dark hair of Philip Preston, as he sat waiting the appearance of Miss Sydney.

Presently she entered, with a slight rustling of silk, and, coming up to Philip, put a little white hand in his for a moment, and then sat down on the sofa near him.

"What a stranger, Mr. Preston! I'm sure it's an agreeable surprise to see you here," she said.

"You're very kind to say so, Miss Clara."

"Am I? Well, that's more than you've been for some time. What in the world have you been doing with yourself? Give an account of your misspent time, Sir—I haven't a doubt it was misspent."

"Any way my absence has not grieved you much," he returned. And he thought he had good reason to say so.

Philip and his friend, Charlie Lockhart, were both in love with Clara Sydney, and she was in love with one of them. But she was a coquette, and so equally had she favored them it was difficult to tell which she preferred. Thus matters stood when, suddenly, Charlie appeared flushed by a fitful, joyous triumph, of which he seemed more than half afraid, while Philip was visibly depressed in spirits. Charlie went oftener to call on Miss Sydney, and Philip gradually ceased his visits.

While I have been telling you this Clara had said, in reply, "Well, that must be consoling to your conscience, for, if I had grieved, think how much I should have suffered before you returned to comfort me!"

And she laughed, pleasantly.

"I wonder if she knows she's breaking my heart," thought Philip. "I don't believe she does. How lovely she is!"

This was true.

Clara was dreadfully pretty. She was petite, airy, graceful. Her complexion was a brilliant blending of pearls and roses. Her lips were just the tint of ripe cherries, and her smile was enchanting. Her hair was glossy brown, and her eyes a rich, dark hazel. Her dress of pale blue was very becoming.

Philip gulped down a sigh as he looked at her, and tried to be gay.

He made a lamentable failure.

Then he plunged at once into the business which had brought him there.

"Pardon me if I seem a little hurried, Miss Clara. I have but a few minutes to stay. I dropped in only to say good-by."

"'Good-by!' You're not going to leave us?"

"You'll find the loss trifling, and easily filled up. I'm sure, Miss Clara, I hope you will. Yes, I've reflected that there's something more for me than wasting my time as I've been doing. I join the army within three days."

"Impossible! You're not in earnest, Philip!—Mr. Preston, you surprise me very much!"

She stooped to pick up her handkerchief; and when she raised her head, after rescuing from the carpet that little heap of cambric and lace, her face was very pale. She was conscious of a grateful feeling for the gathering twilight, and delayed her previous intention of ringing for lights.

"And you leave within three days?" she said. "Your stay with us is brief indeed!"

A silence of some minutes ensued.

Philip felt very uncomfortable.

"I think she might show a little more regret, only for friendship's sake," he thought. "My last visit too—but why should she care?"

He rose with a bitter feeling at his heart.

"Well, I must bid you good-by, Miss Clara."

"You'll wait and see mamma, won't you?"

"I'll try to call on Mrs. Sydney again. I'm in great haste."

"Good-by, then. You have my best wishes, I need scarcely say. Pray give my love to your mother."

"I will. God bless you!"

Another moment and she was alone—still standing, mutely gazing at the door whence she had seen him go, her hand half-extended, just as he had dropped it, her lips pale, and her eyes wildly mournful.

A short, sharp cry broke from her.

"Gone! Oh my poor heart! And I may never see him more!"

She caught the hand he had held and rained kisses on it. Then she dropped down on the sofa, and buried her tears and passionate sobs in its satin cushions.

### II.

Soon after the departure of Philip Charlie Lockhart asked Clara to marry him—asked for that same little hand the absent soldier had pressed, and she had so worshiped ever since!

She refused, almost indignantly. So another lover left her, disappointed and miserable.

And now Clara thought the days very long and weary. Nothing, save the daily papers, seemed to her worth reading. She had been wont to declare that she never could understand how people read the war news with such avidity; but she never missed a single paragraph of it now.

Meanwhile her face grew pale and thin; and her eyes had a wistful expression, as though they had long looked for something and not yet found it. When she heard the news-boys calling "Extras" in the street her heart throbbed wildly, and she could scarcely see to read the accounts of "the last great battle."

### III.

Sunday—the first day of June.

The gallant soldiers of the Republic, scarce rested from the savage fight of Saturday, are once more moving into action. The rebel squadrons, buoyant and hopeful, are charging down on the brave troops of Heintzelman and Sumner.

Triumphant on a sea of blue the Stars and Stripes stream against the wind. The air is all alive with martial music.

Quick and sharp come the words of command.

The drums beat an advance.

Brave hearts and listening ears are thrilled with a terrible delight.

"Charge!"

That clarion cry rends the air into a thousand sounds of battle.

Bayonets that erewhile gleamed like burnished silver are now red and dripping with blood; yet their ravenous thirst is all unslaked, and madly plunging onward they drink up blood in floods.

Faster and faster the unerring balls speed on their death-dealing mission.

And denser grows the smoke—more woeful still the carnage.

That's the loud roar of cannon rushing with deafening sound through the battle; that's the shrill scream of exploding shell; and that—why that's a brave heart laid low! Some tender mother's only darling.

His last sigh breathed her name—"God help mother!" he said, and died. That one next him, all shivered and torn, gathered his expiring breath to shout "On boys, on—fight till you die!" He will never speak again.

There, to the left, they lie bleeding, and the wounded, maddened horses crush out their lives.

Oh Heaven, that was a cruel sight! That pale, slight young fellow—brave as Mars himself, how he had fought all through the dreadful hours!—raises himself for a farewell shot, when in the moment he should have fired the horse he had himself ridden, driven back, crushed him to the earth. And see, close beside him, a little drummer-boy lying there with upturned, white face, his bright yellow hair turned to crimson, and pretty blue eyes, glazing in death, his gaze still fixed on the dear old flag. Never again will the little hand that so tightly clutches the round stick strike sounds of triumph!

But who is that to the right, fighting with such fearful energy?

Though always discharging, his gun seems never unloaded, and his bayonet broken in the middle yet does good service. The foe advance furiously—whoever falls back he never retreats—onward, onward, ever laying waste as he goes. And now he bleeds! But he still advances.

"Who is he?" some one finds time to ask, even in that dreadful hour.

And his neighbor replies,

"He? Why, that's Phil Preston. They say he's under a vow to destroy a rebel for every year in his life. By God! what a pity he's only twenty-five! Wasn't that brave? Ha—I'm struck! No, no; don't stop for me—on, on!"

And the tide of battle sweeps along and leaves the speaker dead in its track.

Batteries thunder, musketry rattles—the din of the contending forces is terrible to hear.

On, on—with the roar of thunder and the sweep of lightning; on—breathing death before them; on, still on. Oh the glory, the splendid bravery of that wild, rushing charge! And now an exultant shout that fills even the hearts of the dying with joy—for the foe have fallen back. They break—they run!

The victory is ours!

What though the bloody field is yet more thickly strewn with dead—what though the list of wounded and dying is increased by hundreds?

The victory is ours!

### IV.

"What, Phil, old fellow! is it you? And wounded too!"

Philip Preston, with one arm hanging useless at his side and blood streaming from a cut across his temple, but all undaunted, looks down at the sound of that voice; and if a thrill, a maddening thrill of hope, sweeps to his heart and weakens him more than his wounds and all the fighting of the day, he is too noble—too generous to heed it.

On the next instant he is kneeling beside the dying soldier.

"Charlie—what! You here, Charlie?"

"Yes, Phil. Oh help me to live a few minutes yet! There's something I must tell you, Philip, before I die. You may live to see her again."

And though Philip can use but one arm now, that's a strong one; for he lifts Charlie Lockhart with it and carries him off toward the rear, where the surgeons are.

### V.

Phil has had his wound dressed, and wears his broken arm in a sling.

The surgeon says it won't amount to any thing if he is careful, and recommends patience.

And Charlie also has improved. The bullet has been extracted from his side, his wounds are slowly healing, and he is doing well.

He isn't going to die this time.

Phil is his nurse, and has, so far, refused to let him talk.

But now that he seems so much better, and declares it will do him good to say what is on his mind, this stern nurse consents.

"I am, to tell you truly," he says, "as anxious to hear your secret as you are to tell it, Charlie. What happened? Did you and Clara quarrel?"

"Oh no, we didn't quarrel."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"She refused to marry me."

"Eh? Refused? Why, what are you talking about? I thought—"

"Yes, yes; I know what you thought. I tried to make you understand that I had Clara Sydney's promise to be my wife."

"Yes, you did. And—"

"I lied," Charlie interrupted, impetuously—"There, Phil! I thank Heaven I've said it at last. Yes, dear old fellow! I, Charlie Lockhart, your bosom friend—I lied to you, and you, brave as a lion, and true as Heaven, sit there looking at me, unable to comprehend such base cowardice."

And in truth this revelation was a shock to the honest, upright nature of Philip Preston.

His first thought was that he had rather have lost Clara than have discovered such treachery in a friend. But that didn't last long.

"Come, Phil, speak to me—give me your hand. I swear on my soul I had sooner have died fifty deaths than live to see such a look as that now in your face. I deserve it, too; but give me your hand, Phil, and try to think well of me."

Phil gave his hand.

"It's over; let it go," he said. "I suppose all's fair in love: they say so."

"And I was so madly in love with her, Phil. I didn't know what I was doing. I only felt capable of doing any thing to win her. I lost her. Forgive me, Phil; you can afford to, for she's yours now."

"How? Mine? What makes you think that?"

"Well, you know we always agreed that she loved one of us. It would have been fairer to have asked her which, and given her the choice, but I didn't dare to do that. Then, again, there was a time when I felt persuaded I was the favorite. If I could only dispose of you I felt sure of her. The devil made me hint that she had already given me her promise, and you know the result. But from the manner of her refusal of my offer, and the way she took your departure, I am convinced that she loves you, and only wants to be asked to tell you so."

"If I could only be sure of this, Charlie."

"I feel sure enough to make affidavit of it without the slightest conscientious pang."

"If that be true! Charlie, why, Charlie, you're a perfect blessing. But I'm sorry for your disappointment."

"Oh, don't mind me. I don't feel so *very* bad now it's all over. Some pretty girl will display better taste than your Clara," he added, laughing; "that is, if I get out of the war alive. If not, what matter? I die a glorious death, and my mother will weep for her boy."

### VI.

Still Clara read the war news. She had read it so long, and he had escaped so often, she began to hope he bore a charmed life and would escape always.

He would return some time—the thought would come, now and then; yes, he would surely return.

The roses came slowly back to her cheeks, the thin face rounded again, the bright hope of a young heart breathed over her.

Her imagination swept forward to the day when he would come back.

She caught herself thinking how he would stand before her some day a sun-burned hero, and say at last the words she had waited long to hear,

"Clara, I love you!"

The arrival of the morning paper woke her from some such morning dream one day, and she read of that famous battle of Fairoaks, where brave troops led by brave captains did such wonders.

With a palpitating heart—for she knew his regiment had been there—she turned to the list of wounded.

Thank God! His name was not there.

But a more terrible list is yet unlooked at.

She sickened at the thought of finding his name in it.

No, she wouldn't look—because it couldn't—oh! it *could not* be there.

Then why need she fear to look? One struggle—one effort of those cowardly eyes, and then her heart would beat calmly, peacefully again.

Quickly she scans the dreadful column—breathes freely a great sigh of relief—then a sob, a gasp, a thrill of anguish, and three words are graven on her heart.

"Philip Preston, killed."

Could she have died in that dreadful throe of agony—could she have fainted even—it would have been a brief respite.

But she couldn't die, and she never fainted.

And there lay the paper—three words standing out like fire, and searing her brain—

"Philip Preston, killed."

Then a deathly feeling of sickness came over her, and the light died out of her eyes—the color from her cheeks and lips.

"Mother," she spoke, her voice very faint—"Mother, mother, help me—my heart is broken!"

Mrs. Sydney looked up and shrieked at sight of the wan, despairing face of her radiant daughter. And then, springing toward her, helped her away to her own room.

Clara lay there quiet, patient, hopeless. Gradually, as the days passed, the shock and the sickness wore away; and listless and wretched—oh! so wretched—Clara got down stairs on the fifth day.

What a weary, weary waste lay all before her! She used to feel her pulse and place her hand over her heart. Then she sighed that she had so many, many years to live; for she was young, and though the pulse was languid and heavy, and the heart ached always with a dull pain, life and health and latent strength were in them both.

Three weeks had dragged along—Clara hardly knew how, and thought them longer than the whole nineteen years that had preceded them.

Again she sat in the parlor in the gathering twilight—alone.

She was holding her little hand up before her, and sadly smiling to think how pale and thin it was—so different from the pretty white hand she had put in Philip's just a year ago.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Clara."

The gentleman entered, and the servant went away.

Clara looked up languidly. She cared nothing about seeing people now.

There he stood before her—in his handsome uniform and epaulets; his face sun-browned and his left arm in a sling.

She had uttered no cry at the announcement of his death; but now she almost shrieked.

"Philip, Philip! Not dead—not dead! Alive, and here with me again. Alive, and I see you once more! Oh, Philip!"

Away all forms of etiquette—away all polite, conventional phrases.

Her whole heart spoke in her words, and before she realized what she had said his arm was around her, he was half kneeling beside her, and the tender words that rushed from his lips had called into her face such a color as had not graced it for twelve months.

Wasn't it worth one bitter disappointment to feel those white arms clinging about him, those warm lips on his own, that little hand smoothing his dark hair?

Philip thought so.

"And how came that awful announcement, Philip?" asked Clara, shuddering at the recollection.

"Did you see that, dear? I hoped you hadn't seen it. It was a mistake. One of ours—Philip Preston—was killed, and the similarity of names made the blunder."

"Oh, Philip!"

Clara was crying softly.

"What is it, dearest?"

"Nothing—I don't know; but I am so happy. Dear, dear Philip!"

## MIRIAM, THE WIFE OF BROWN.

She sat by her parlor window—
Miriam, the wife of Brown—
Her eye wandered over her carpet,
'Twas a new one she'd just put down.

She looked at her chairs and pictures,
At her various trifles and toys;
There was no one to disarrange them,
She had no girls and boys.

She thought of their pleasant dwelling,
Of the snug sum laid away;
And her small lips murmur'd, gladly,
"We've enough for a rainy day."

Her thoughts described a circle
Whose radius was several feet;
And within it no dying soldier
And her sympathies could meet.

A step falls quick on the threshold—
"'Tis husband! but why's he here?"
"Wife, wife! there's a call for soldiers—
I believe I shall volunteer."

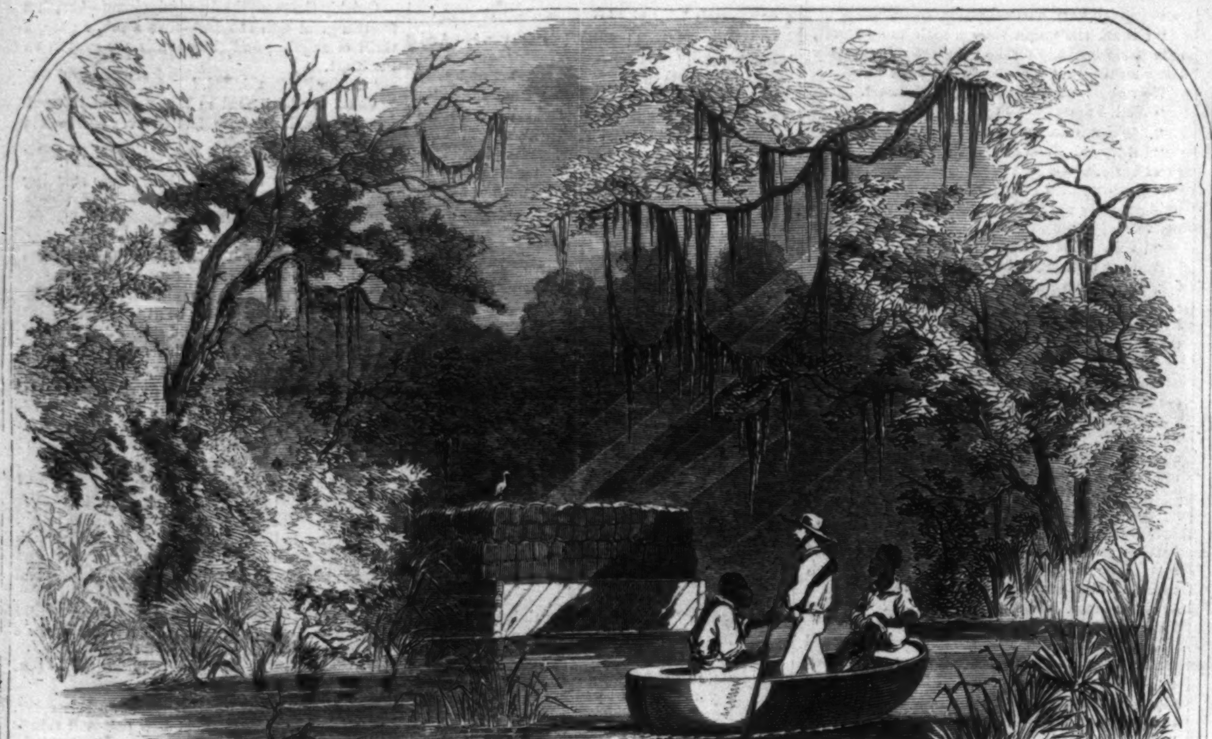
"No, never, never!" she answered;
"We've enough, and you shall not go;
There are plenty of others besides you
Who can much better, I know."

There were tears on her long dark lashes—
"I'll give it up!" said he;
"So weep no longer, my Miriam,
For the thing shall never be."

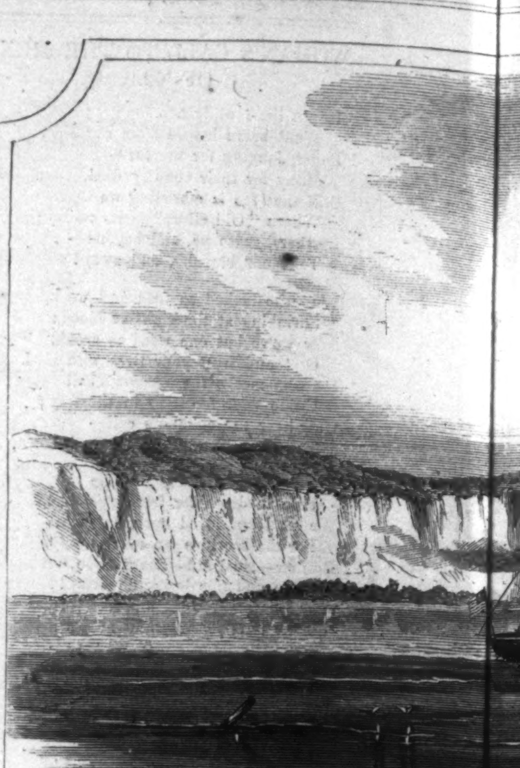
There are numberless Miriams scattered
Up and down in our cities and towns;
And among our should-be defenders
May be counted a plenty of Browns.

Oh woman! stand forth in your weakness,
Look upward and learn to be strong;
Bid your loved ones go forth to their duty,
That the path drenched with gore be not long.

God calls as He never has called us—
Shall we turn with irreverence away?
Shall we let the few fall for the many?
Then shame on the men of to-day!



COTTON HOARDS IN THE SWAMPS.



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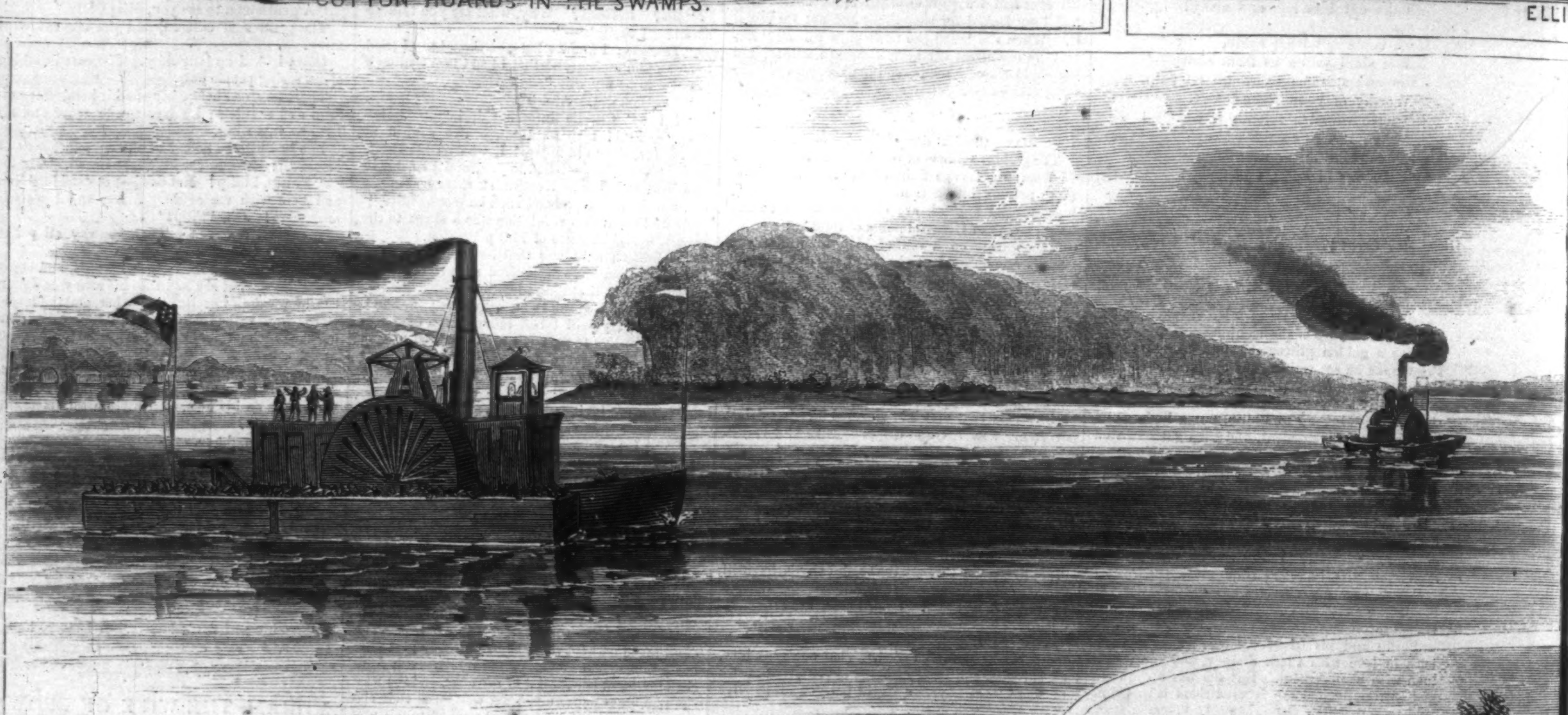
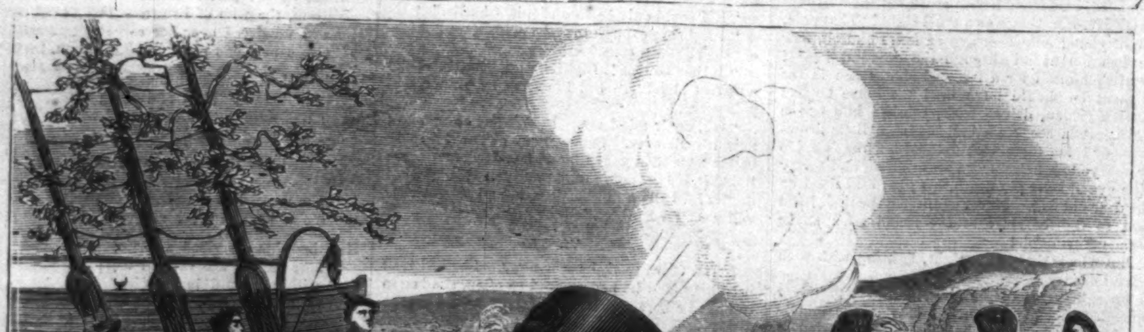
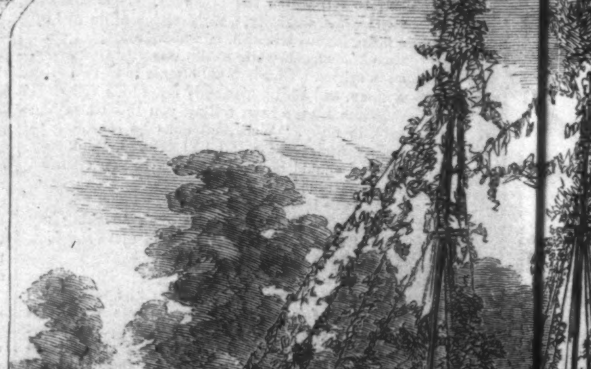


CROSSING CATTLE FOR THE REBELS

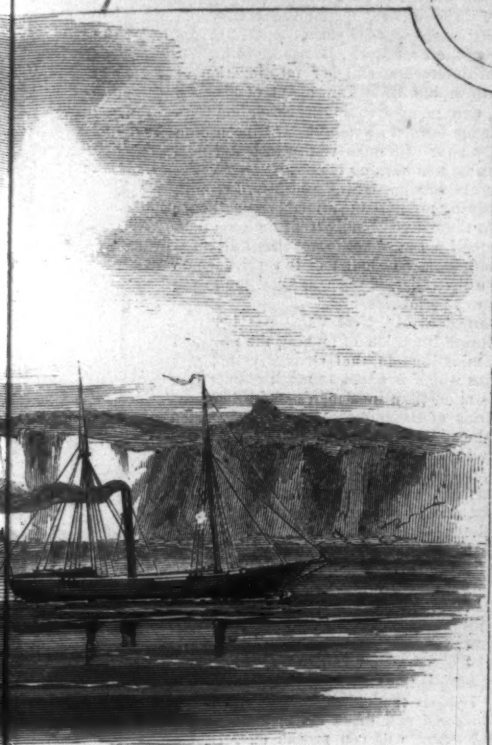


PORTER'S MORTAR IN ACTION.



THE MORTAR FLEE

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Sketched by Mr. Th



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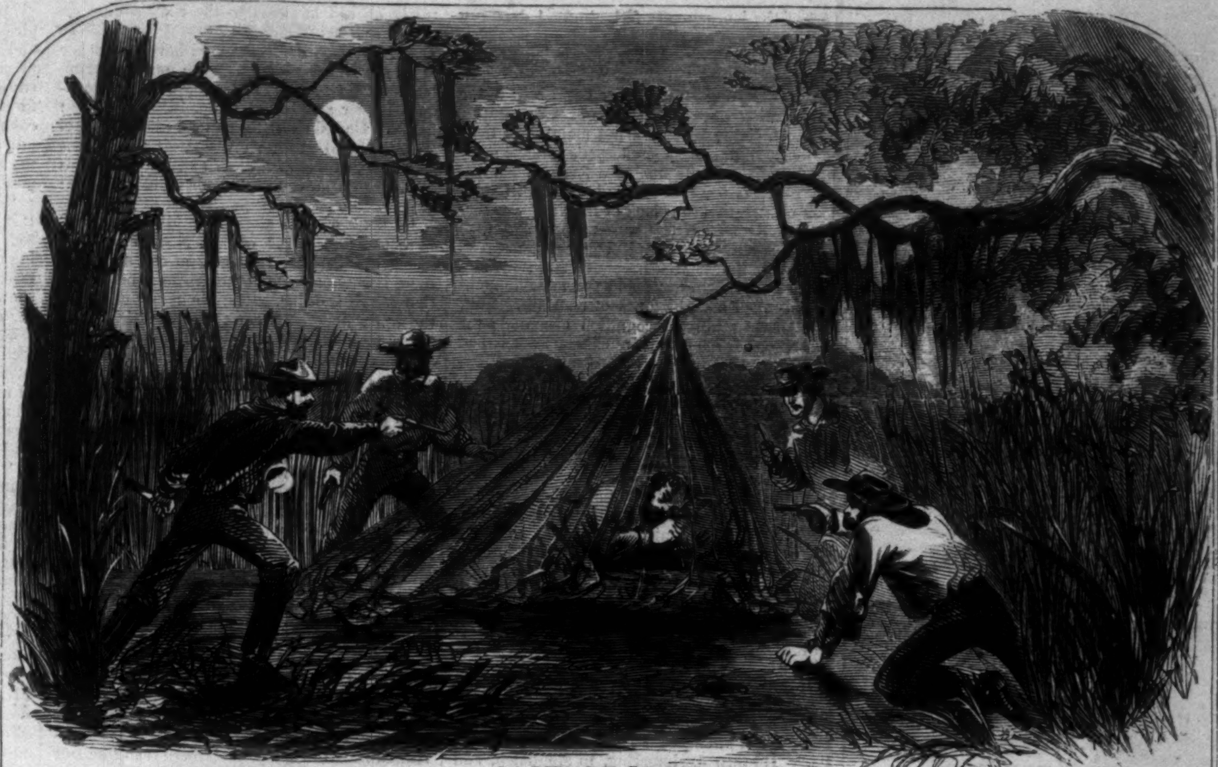
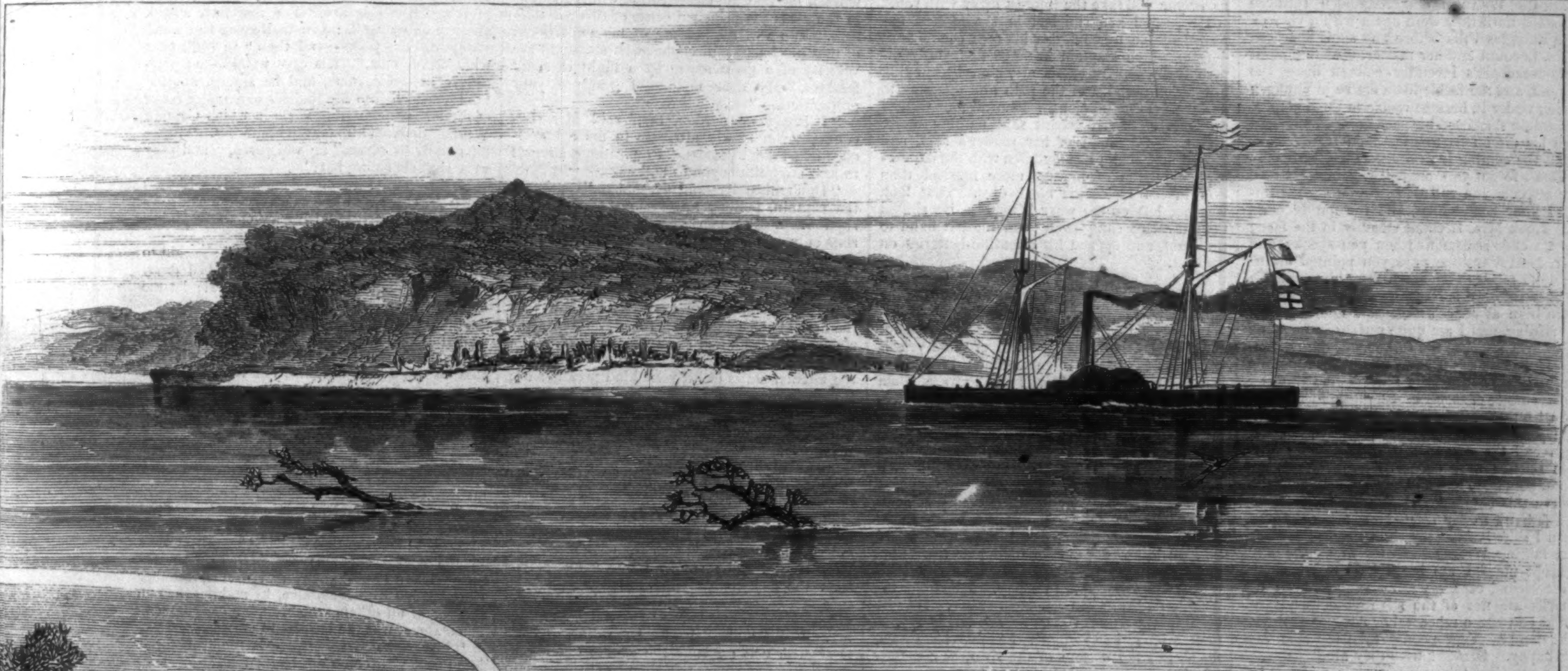
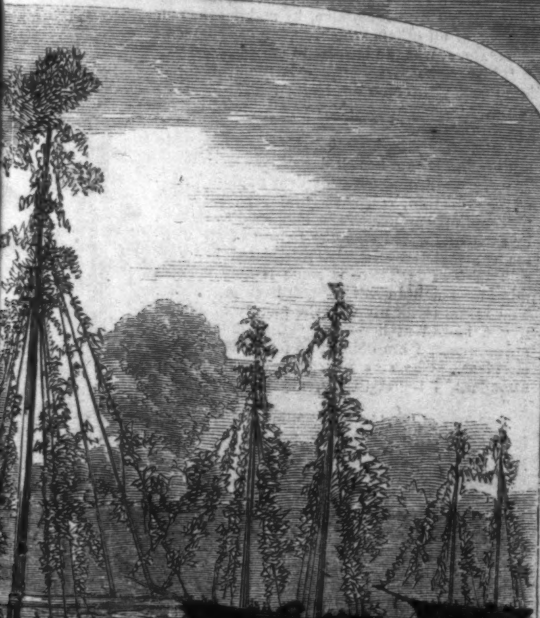


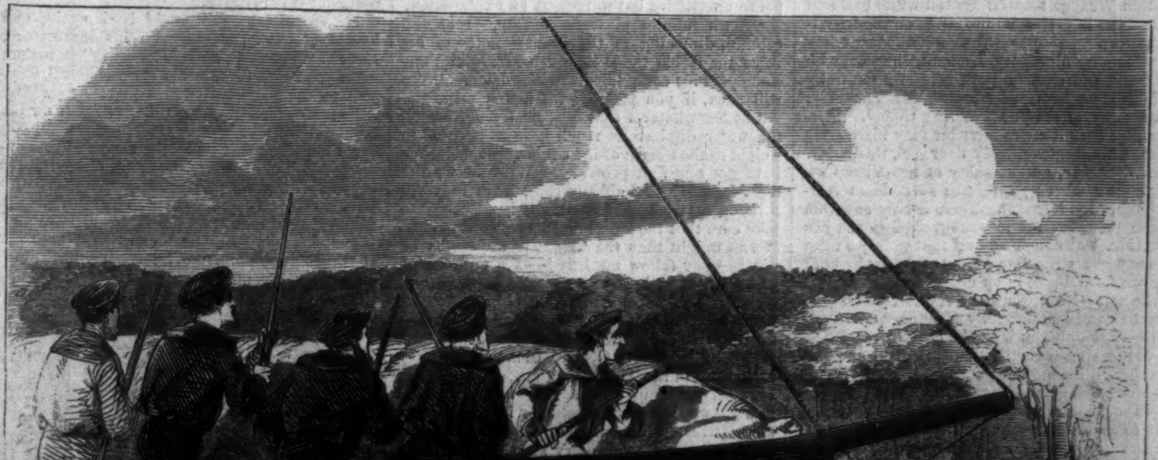
CAPTURE OF RED BILL.



GRAND GULF



FLEET IN TRIM



WATCHING FOR REBEL SHARPSHOOTERS.

R. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 523.]

## TILL DEATH.

Two hands held in one clasp,
Two hearts bound in one chain,
Two bosoms beating warm,
Loving, beloved again.

Two smiles of fervent faith
On each caressing cheek,
Two voices soft and low
As whispering angels speak.

Two figures kneeling glad
Before the sacred shrine,
Two vows of mutual love
Exchanged in sight divine.

Two coffins, side by side,
Beneath the daisied sod,
Two spirits dwelling in
The perfect rest of God.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

# NO NAME.

### BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

## CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN WRAGGE and Magdalen retraced their steps until they were again within view of North Shingles Villa before any signs appeared of Mrs. Lecount and her master. At that point the housekeeper's lavender-colored dress, the umbrella, and the feeble little figure in nankeen walking under it, became visible in the distance. The captain slackened his pace immediately, and issued his directions to Magdalen for her conduct at the coming interview in these words:

"Don't forget your smile," he said. "In all other respects you will do. The walk has improved your complexion, and the hat becomes you. Look Mrs. Lecount steadily in the face; show no embarrassment when you speak; and if Mr. Noel Vanstone pays you pointed attention, don't take too much notice of him while his housekeeper's eye is on you. Mind one thing! I have been at Joyce's Scientific Dialogues all the morning, and I am quite serious in meaning to give Mrs. Lecount the full benefit of my studies. If I can't contrive to divert her attention from you and her master, I won't give sixpence for our chance of success. Small-talk won't succeed with that woman; compliments won't succeed; jokes won't succeed; ready-made science may recall the deceased Professor, and ready-made science may do. We must establish a code of signals to let you know what I am about. Observe this camp-stool. When I shift it from my left hand to my right, I am talking Joyce. When I shift it from my right hand to my left, I am talking Wragge. In the first case, don't interrupt me—I am leading up to my point. In the second case, say any thing you like; my remarks are not of the slightest consequence. Would you like a rehearsal? Are you sure you understand? Very good—take my arm, and look happy. Steady! here they are."

The meeting took place nearly midway between Sea-View Cottage and North Shingles. Captain Wragge took off his tall white hat, and opened the interview immediately on the friendliest terms.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lecount," he said, with the frank and cheerful politeness of a naturally sociable man. "Good-morning, Mr. Vanstone; I am sorry to see you suffering to-day. Mrs. Lecount, permit me to introduce my niece—my niece, Miss Bygrave. My dear girl, this is Mr. Noel Vanstone, our neighbor at Sea-View Cottage. We must positively be sociable at Aldborough, Mrs. Lecount. There is only one walk in the place (as my niece remarked to me just now, Mr. Vanstone), and on that walk we must all meet every time we go out. And why not? Are we formal people on either side? Nothing of the sort—we are just the reverse. You possess the continental facility of manner, Mr. Vanstone—I match you with the blunt cordiality of an old-fashioned Englishman—the ladies mingle together in harmonious variety, like flowers on the same bed—and the result is a mutual interest in making our sojourn at the sea-side agreeable to each other. Pardon my flow of spirits; pardon my feeling so cheerful and so young. The Iodine in the sea-air, Mrs. Lecount—the notorious effect of the Iodine in the sea-air!"

"You arrived yesterday, Miss Bygrave, did you not?" said the housekeeper, as soon as the captain's deluge of language had come to an end.

She addressed those words to Magdalen with a gentle, motherly interest in her youth and beauty, chastened by the deferential amiability which became her situation in Mr. Noel Vanstone's household. Not the faintest token of suspicion or surprise betrayed itself in her face, her voice, or her manner while she and Magdalen now looked at each other. It was plain at the outset that the true face and figure which she now saw recalled nothing to her mind of the false face and figure which she had seen in Vauxhall Walk. The disguise had evidently been complete enough even to baffle the penetration of Mrs. Lecount.

"My aunt and I came here yesterday evening," said Magdalen. "We found the latter part of the journey very fatiguing. I dare say you found it so too?"

She designedly made her answer longer than was necessary for the purpose of discovering, at the earliest opportunity, the effect which the sound of her voice produced on Mrs. Lecount.

The housekeeper's thin lips maintained their motherly smile—the housekeeper's amiable manner lost none of its modest deference; but the expression of her eyes suddenly changed from a look of attention to a look of inquiry. Magdalen quietly said a few words more, and then waited again for results. The change spread gradually all over Mrs. Lecount's face; the motherly smile died away; and the amiable manner betrayed a slight touch of restraint. Still, no signs of positive recognition appeared; the housekeeper's expression remained what it had been from the first—an expression of inquiry, and nothing more.

"You complained of fatigue, Sir, a few minutes since," she said, dropping all further conversation with Magdalen, and addressing her master. "Will you go in-doors and rest?"

The proprietor of Sea-View Cottage had hitherto confined himself to bowing, simpering, and admiring Magdalen through his half-closed eyelids. There was no mistaking the sudden flutter and agitation in his manner, and the heightened color in his wizen little face. Even the reptile temperament of Mr. Noel Vanstone warmed under the influence of the sex: he had an undeniably appreciative eye for a handsome woman, and Magdalen's grace and beauty were not thrown away on him.

"Will you go in-doors, Sir, and rest?" asked the housekeeper, repeating her question.

"Not yet, Lecount," said her master. "I fancy I feel stronger; I fancy I can go on a little." He turned, simpering, to Magdalen, and added in a lower tone, "I have found a new interest in my walk, Miss Bygrave. Don't desert us, or you will take the interest away with you."

He smiled and smirked in the highest approval of the ingenuity of his own compliment—from which Captain Wragge dextrously diverted the housekeeper's attention by ranging himself on her side of the path and speaking to her at the same moment. They all four walked on slowly. Mrs. Lecount said nothing more. She kept fast hold of her master's arm, and looked across him at Magdalen with the dangerous expression of inquiry more marked than ever in her handsome black eyes. That look was not lost on the wary Wragge. He shifted his indicative camp-stool from the left hand to the right, and opened his scientific batteries on the spot.

"A busy scene, Mrs. Lecount," said the captain, politely waving his camp-stool over the sea and the passing ships. "The greatness of England, ma'am—the true greatness of England. Pray observe how heavily some of those vessels are laden! I am often inclined to wonder whether the British sailor is at all aware, when he has got his cargo on board, of the Hydrostatic importance of the operation that he has performed. If I were suddenly transported to the deck of one of those vessels (which Heaven forbid, for I suffer at sea!), and if I said to a member of the crew, 'Jack! you have done wonders; you have grasped the theory of floating vessels'—how the gallant fellow would stare! And yet on that theory Jack's life depends. If he loads his vessel one-thirtieth part more than he ought what happens? He sails past Aldborough, I grant you, in safety. He enters the Thames, I grant you again, in safety. He gets on into the fresh water, as far, let us say, as Greenwich; and—down he goes! Down, ma'am, to the bottom of the river, as a matter of scientific certainty!"

Here he paused, and left Mrs. Lecount no polite alternative but to request an explanation.

"With infinite pleasure, ma'am," said the captain, drowning in the deepest notes of his voice the feeble treble in which Mr. Noel Vanstone paid his compliments to Magdalen. "We will start, if you please, with a first principle. All bodies whatever that float on the surface of the water displace as much fluid as is equal in weight to the weight of the bodies. Good! We have got our first principle. What do we deduce from it? Manifestly this: That in order to keep a vessel above water it is necessary to take care that the vessel and its cargo should be of less weight than the weight of a quantity of water—pray follow me here!—of a quantity of water equal in bulk to that part of the vessel which it will be safe to immerse in the water. Now, ma'am, salt water is specifically thirty times heavier than fresh or river water; and a vessel in the German Ocean will not sink so deep as a vessel in the Thames. Consequently, when we load our ship with a view to the London market, we have (Hydrostatically speaking) three alternatives. Either we load with one-thirtieth part less than we can carry at sea; or we take one-thirtieth part out at the mouth of the river; or we do neither the one nor the other, and, as I have already had the honor of remarking—down we go! Such," said the captain, shifting the camp-stool back again from his right hand to his left, in token that Joyce was done with for the time being—"such, my dear madam, is the theory of floating vessels. Permit me to add, in conclusion, you are heartily welcome to it."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "You have unintentionally saddened me, but the information I have received is not the less precious on that account. It is long, long ago, Mr. Bygrave, since I have heard myself addressed in the language of science. My dear husband made me his companion—my dear husband improved my mind as you have been trying to improve it. Nobody has taken pains with my intellect since. Many thanks, Sir. Your kind consideration for me is not thrown away."

She sighed with a plaintive humility, and privately opened her ears to the conversation on the other side of her.

A minute earlier she would have heard her master expressing himself in the most flattering terms on the subject of Miss Bygrave's appearance in her sea-side costume. But Magdalen had seen Captain Wragge's signal with the camp-stool, and had at once diverted Mr. Noel Vanstone to the topic of himself and his possessions by a neatly-timed question about his house at Aldborough.

"I don't wish to alarm you, Miss Bygrave," were the first words of Mr. Noel Vanstone's which caught Mrs. Lecount's attention; "but there is only one safe house in Aldborough, and that house is Mine. The sea may destroy all the other houses—it can't destroy Mine. My father took care of that; my father was a remarkable man. He had My house built on piles. I have reason to believe they are the strongest piles in England. Nothing can possibly knock them down—I don't care what the sea does—nothing can possibly knock them down."

"Then, if the sea invades us," said Magdalen, "we must all run for refuge to you."

Mr. Noel Vanstone saw his way to another compliment, and at the same moment the wary captain saw his way to another burst of science.

"I could almost wish the invasion might happen," murmured one of the gentlemen, "to give me the happiness of offering the refuge."

"I could almost swear the wind had shifted again!" exclaimed the other. "Where is a man I can ask? Oh there he is. Boatman! how's the wind now? Nor'west and by west still—hey? And southeast and by south yesterday evening—ha? Is there any thing more remarkable, Mrs. Lecount, than the variableness of the wind in this climate?" proceeded the captain, shifting the camp-stool to the scientific side of him. "Is there any natural phenomenon more bewildering to the scientific inquirer? You will tell me that the electric fluid which abounds in the air is the principal cause of this variableness. You will remind me of the experiment of that illustrious philosopher who measured the velocity of a great storm by a flight of small feathers. My dear madam, I grant all your propositions—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount; "you kindly attribute to me a knowledge that I don't possess. Propositions, I regret to say, are quite beyond me."

"Don't misunderstand me, ma'am," continued the captain, politely unconscious of the interruption. "My remarks apply to the temperate zone only. Place me on the coasts between the tropics—place me where the wind blows toward the shore in the daytime, and toward the sea by night—and I instantly advance toward conclusive experiments. For example, I know that the heat of the sun during the day rarefies the air over the land, and so causes the wind. You challenge me to prove it. I escort you down the kitchen stairs (with your kind permission); I take my largest pie-dish out of the cook's hands; I fill it with cold water. Good! that dish of cold water represents the ocean. I next provide myself with one of our most precious domestic conveniences—a hot-water plate—I fill it with hot water, and I put it in the middle of the pie-dish. Good again! the hot-water plate represents the land rarefying the air over it. Bear that in mind, and give me a lighted candle. I hold my lighted candle over the cold water and blow it out. The smoke immediately moves from the dish to the plate. Before you have time to express your satisfaction I light the candle once more, and reverse the whole proceeding. I fill the pie-dish with hot water, and the plate with cold; I blow the candle out again, and the smoke moves this time from the plate to the dish. The smell is disagreeable, but the experiment is conclusive."

He shifted the camp-stool back again, and looked at Mrs. Lecount with his ingratiating smile. "You don't find me long-winded, ma'am—do you?" he said, in his easy, cheerful way, just as the housekeeper was privately opening her ears once more to the conversation on the other side of her.

"I am amazed, Sir, by the range of your information," replied Mrs. Lecount, observing the captain with some perplexity, but thus far with no distrust. She thought him eccentric, even for an Englishman, and possibly a little vain of his knowledge. But he had at least paid her the implied compliment of addressing that knowledge to herself, and she felt it the more sensibly from having hitherto found her scientific sympathies with her deceased husband treated with no great respect by the people with whom she came in contact. "Have you extended your inquiries, Sir," she proceeded, after a momentary hesitation, "to my late husband's branch of science? I merely ask, Mr. Bygrave, because (though I am only a woman) I think I might exchange ideas with you on the subject of the reptile creation."

Captain Wragge was far too sharp to risk his ready-made science on the enemy's ground. The old militiaman shook his wary head.

"Too vast a subject, ma'am," he said, "for a smatterer like me. The life and labors of such a philosopher as your husband, Mrs. Lecount, warn men of my intellectual calibre not to measure themselves with a giant. May I inquire," proceeded the captain, softly smoothing the way for future intercourse with Sea-View Cottage, "whether you possess any scientific memorials of the late Professor?"

"I possess his Tank, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, modestly casting her eyes on the ground; "and one of his Subjects—a little foreign Toad."

"His Tank!" exclaimed the captain, in tones of mournful interest. "And his Toad! Pardon my blunt way of speaking my mind, ma'am. You possess an object of public interest; and, as one of the public, I acknowledge my curiosity to see it."

Mrs. Lecount's smooth cheeks colored with pleasure. The one assailable place in that cold and secret nature was the place occupied by the memory of the Professor. Her pride in his scientific achievements, and her mortification at finding them but little known out of his own country, were genuine feelings. Never had Captain Wragge burned his adulterated incense on the flimsy altar of human vanity to better purpose than he was burning it now.

"You are very good, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "In honoring my husband's memory you honor *me*. But though you kindly treat me on a footing of equality, I must not forget that I fill a domestic situation. I shall feel it a privilege to show you my relics, if you will allow me to ask my master's permission first."

She turned to Mr. Noel Vanstone; her perfectly sincere intention of making the proposed request, mingling—in that strange complexity of motives which is found so much oftener in a woman's mind than in a man's—with her jealous distrust of the impression which Magdalen had produced on her master.

"May I make a request, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount, after waiting a moment to catch any fragments of tenderly-personal talk that might reach her, and after being again neatly baffled by Magdalen—thanks to the camp-stool. "Mr. Bygrave is one of the few persons in England who appreciate my husband's scientific labors. He honors me by wishing to see my little world of reptiles. May I show it to him?"

"By all means, Lecount," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, graciously. "You are an excellent creature, and I like to oblige you. Lecount's Tank, Mr. Bygrave, is the only tank in England—Lecount's Toad is the oldest toad in the world. Will you come and drink tea at seven o'clock to-night? And will you prevail on Miss Bygrave to accompany you? I want her to see my house. I don't think she has any idea what a strong house it is. Come and survey my premises, Miss Bygrave. You shall have a stick and rap on the walls; you shall go up stairs and stamp on the floors—and then you shall hear what it all cost." His eyes wrinkled up cunningly at the corners, and he slipped another tender speech into Magdalen's ear, under cover of the all-predominating voice in which Captain Wragge thanked him for the invitation. "Come punctually at seven," he whispered, "and pray wear that charming hat!"

Mrs. Lecount's lips closed ominously. She set down the captain's niece as a very serious draw-back to the intellectual luxury of the captain's society.

"You are fatiguing yourself, Sir," she said to her master. "This is one of your bad days. Let me recommend you to be careful; let me beg you to walk back."

Having carried his point by inviting the new acquaintances to tea, Mr. Noel Vanstone proved to be unexpectedly docile. He acknowledged that he was a little fatigued, and turned back at once in obedience to the housekeeper's advice.

"Take my arm, Sir—take my arm, on the other side," said Captain Wragge, as they turned to retrace their steps. His parti-colored eyes looked significantly at Magdalen while he spoke, and warned her not to stretch Mrs. Lecount's endurance too far at starting. She instantly understood him, and in spite of Mr. Noel Vanstone's reiterated assertions that he stood in no need of the captain's arm, placed herself at once by the housekeeper's side. Mrs. Lecount recovered her good-humor, and opened another conversation with Magdalen, by making the one inquiry of all others which, under existing circumstances, was the hardest to answer.

"I presume Mrs. Bygrave is too tired after her journey to come out to-day?" said Mrs. Lecount. "Shall we have the pleasure of seeing her to-morrow?"

"Probably not," replied Magdalen. "My aunt is in delicate health."

"A complicated case, my dear madam," added the captain, conscious that Mrs. Wragge's personal appearance (if she happened to be seen by accident) would offer the flattest of all possible contradictions to what Magdalen had just said of her. "There is some remote nervous mischief which doesn't express itself externally. You would think my wife the picture of health, if you looked at her—and yet, so delusive are appearances, I am obliged to forbid her all excitement. She sees no society—our medical attendant, I regret to say, absolutely prohibits it."

"Very sad," said Mrs. Lecount. "The poor lady must often feel lonely, Sir, when you and your niece are away from her."

"No," replied the captain. "Mrs. Bygrave is a naturally domestic woman. When she is able to employ herself, she finds unlimited resources in her needle and thread." Having reached this stage of the explanation—and having purposely skirted, as it were, round the confines of truth, in the event of the housekeeper's curiosity leading her to make any private inquiries on the subject of Mrs. Wragge—the captain wisely checked his fluent tongue from carrying him into any further details. "I have great hope from the air of this place," he remarked in conclusion. "The Iodine, as I have already observed, does wonders."

Mrs. Lecount acknowledged the virtues of Iodine in the briefest possible form of words, and withdrew into the innermost sanctuary of her own thoughts. "Some mystery here," said the housekeeper to herself. "A lady who looks the picture of health; a lady who suffers from a complicated nervous malady; and a lady whose hand is steady enough to use her needle and thread, is a living mass of contradictions I don't quite understand. Do you make a long stay at Aldborough, Sir?" she added aloud; her eyes resting for a moment in steady scrutiny on the captain's face.

"It all depends, my dear madam, on Mrs. Bygrave. I trust we shall stay through the autumn. You are settled at Sea-View Cottage, I presume, for the season?"

"You must ask my master, Sir. It is for him to decide, not for me."

The answer was an unfortunate one. Mr. Noel Vanstone had been secretly annoyed by the change in the walking arrangements which had separated him from Magdalen. He attributed that change to the meddling influence of Mrs. Lecount, and he now took the earliest opportunity of resenting it on the spot.

"I have nothing to do with our stay at Aldborough," he broke out, peevishly. "You know as well as I do, Lecount, it all depends on *you*. Mrs. Lecount has a brother in Switzerland," he went on, addressing himself to the captain—"a brother who is seriously ill. If he gets worse, she will have to go there and see him. I can't accompany her, and I can't be left in the house by myself. I shall have to break up my establishment at Aldborough, and stay with some friends. It all depends on you, Lecount—or on your brother, which comes to the same thing. If it depended on *me*," continued Mr. Noel Vanstone, looking pointedly at Magdalen across the housekeeper, "I should stay at Aldborough all through the autumn with the greatest pleasure. With the greatest pleasure," he reiterated, repeating the words with a tender look for Magdalen, and a spiteful accent for Mrs. Lecount.

Thus far Captain Wragge had remained silent, carefully noting in his mind the promising possibilities of a separation between Mrs. Lecount and her master, which Mr. Noel Vanstone's little fretful outbreak had just disclosed to him. An ominous trembling in the housekeeper's thin lips, as her master openly exposed her family affairs before strangers, and openly set her jealousy at defiance, now warned him to interfere. If the misunderstanding were permitted to proceed to extremities, there was a chance that the invitation for that evening to Sea-View Cottage might be put off. Now, as ever, equal to the occasion, Captain Wragge called his useful information once more to the rescue. Under the learned auspices of Joyce he plunged for the third time into the ocean of science and brought up another pearl. He was still haranguing (on Pneumatics this time), still improving Mrs. Lecount's mind with his politest perseverance and his smoothest flow of language, when the walking party stopped at Mr. Noel Vanstone's door.

"Bless my soul, here we are at your house, Sir!" said the captain, interrupting himself in the middle of one of his graphic sentences. "I won't keep you standing a moment. Not a word of apology, Mrs. Lecount, I beg and pray! I will put that curious point in Pneumatics more clearly before you on a future occasion. In the mean time, I need only repeat that you can perform the experiment I have just mentioned to your own entire satisfaction with a bladder, an exhausted receiver, and a square box. At seven o'clock this evening, Sir—at seven o'clock, Mrs. Lecount. We have had a remarkably pleasant walk, and a most instructive interchange of ideas. Now, my dear girl, your aunt is waiting for us."

While Mrs. Lecount stepped aside to open the garden gate Mr. Noel Vanstone seized his opportunity, and shot a last tender glance at Magdalen—under shelter of the umbrella, which he had taken into his own hands for that express purpose. "Don't forget," he said, with his sweetest smile, "don't forget, when you come this evening, to wear that charming hat!" Before he could add any last words Mrs. Lecount glided back to her place, and the sheltering umbrella changed hands again immediately.

"An excellent morning's work!" said Captain Wragge, as he and Magdalen walked on together to North Shingles. "You and I and Joyce have all three done wonders. We have secured a friendly invitation at the first day's fishing for it."

He paused for an answer; and receiving none, observed Magdalen more attentively than he had observed her yet. Her face had turned deadly pale again, her eyes looked out mechanically straight before her in heedless, reckless despair.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with the greatest surprise. "Are you ill?"

She made no reply; she hardly seemed to hear him.

"Are you getting alarmed about Mrs. Lecount?" he inquired next. "There is not the least reason for alarm. She may fancy she has heard something like your voice before, but your face evidently bewilders her. Keep your temper, and you keep her in the dark. Keep her in the dark, and you will put that two hundred pounds into my hands before the autumn is over."

He waited again for an answer, and again she remained silent. The captain tried for the third time in another direction.

"Did you get any letters this morning?" he went on. "Is there bad news again from home? Any fresh difficulties with your sister?"

"Say nothing about my sister!" she broke out, passionately. "Neither you nor I are fit to speak of her."

She said those words at the garden gate, and hurried into the house by herself. He followed her, and heard the door of her own room violently shut to, violently locked and double locked. Solacing his indignation by an oath, Captain Wragge sullenly went into one of the parlors on the ground-floor to look after his wife. The room communicated with a smaller and darker room at the back of the house by means of a quaint little door, with a window in the upper half of it. Softly approaching this door, the captain lifted the white muslin curtain which hung over the window, and looked into the inner room.

There was Mrs. Wragge, with her cap on one side, and her shoes down at heel; with a row of pins between her teeth; with the Oriental Cashmere Robe slowly slipping off the table; with her scissors suspended uncertain in one hand, and her written directions for dressmaking held doubtfully in the other—so absorbed over the invincible difficulties of her employment as to be perfectly unconscious that she was at that moment the object of her husband's superintending eye. Under other circumstances she would have been soon brought to a sense of her situation by the sound of his voice. But Captain Wragge was too anxious about Magdalen to waste any time on his wife, after satisfying himself that she was safe in her seclusion, and that she might be trusted to remain there.

He left the parlor, and after a little hesitation in the passage, stole up stairs and listened anxiously outside Magdalen's door. A dull sound of sobbing—a sound stifled in her handkerchief, or stifled in the bed-clothes—was all that caught his ear. He returned at once to the ground-floor, with some faint suspicion of the truth dawning on his mind at last.

"The devil take that sweet-heart of hers!" thought the captain. "Mr. Noel Vanstone has raised the ghost of him at starting."

## THE WAR IN NORTH ALABAMA.

We illustrate on pages 513 and 518 some interesting scenes of General Mitchell's campaign in North Alabama. Our pictures are from sketches by Mr. Hübner, of the Third Ohio, who thus describes them:

### BURNING THE TENNESSEE BRIDGE AT DECATUR.

"A part of Mitchell's division, under command of Colonel Lytle, Tenth Ohio Volunteers, Third Ohio Volunteers, Colonel J. Beatty, Coldwater Battery, Captain Loomis (Michigan Artillery), were sent to Decatur, which place they held until the rebels with overwhelming forces, under command of General Price, advanced on us. We prevented the rebels from following us by burning the bridge, also the railroad dépôt. Mitchell took possession of every boat, even of the smallest skiff, for twenty miles up and down the river, so the rebels had not the slightest means to cross.

"Captain Loomis did good work. His boys are the finest set of men I have ever seen.

"The bridge was a beautiful one, built of wood and iron, and 1700 yards long.

### DEFEAT OF REBELS AT BRIDGEPORT.

"After our arrival at Huntsville our gallant leader, General Mitchell, who was much pleased with our conduct, sent us immediately to Bridgeport, Jackson County, twenty-four miles above Chattanooga (a small place of about six or eight houses), where another force of the rebels, under General Ledbetter, was advancing. We drove them back, burned a small bridge, and Loomis shelled them out of their camp, which was situated about a mile from the shore of the river.

### GUERRILLAS AND BUSHWHACKERS.

"On our way from Bridgeport back to Huntsville two of our men got shot by some bushwhackers, who fired on our train out of the bushes in the vicinity of Paint Rock. Colonel J. Beatty stopped the train and sent several detachments in pursuit of the rebels. One party went to the town and captured four or five of the band; another party, under command of Captain M'Dougal, Company H, Third Regiment Ohio Volunteers, went into a cave which is in the neighborhood of Paint Rock. A slave negro led the way. The entrance of the cave is not easily detected. It is half hidden by bushes and rocks. We had to walk some distance with heads bent; but soon the cave got wider and wider, and looked like a church with fine columns and arches, strange formations of the dropping limestone. The red blaze of the torches produced a strange and beautiful effect. Often it seemed to us that we saw human figures in the deep shadow, often we raised our trusty rifles, but found we were aiming at some curious limestone formation. We went about two miles into the cave, found signs of occasional visits by human beings, and the negro assured us it was in fact a hiding-place of a guerrilla band.

"We had to go back when the torches burned down. There are many side caves and abysses, and without light it is a most dangerous place. The cave is five miles long, and has several outlets.

"We went back to where our train stopped. The other party arrived with the prisoners. One of them is a captain in some rebel cavalry company. They also found some guns.

"The boys were so enraged Colonel B. could hardly prevent them from hanging the murderers immediately. Some rebel houses were burned.

"Late at night we arrived at Huntsville and delivered the traitors into jail."

## SCENES ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

We reproduce on pages 520 and 521 a number of sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing Scenes on the Lower Mississippi. Mr. Davis thus describes his pictures:

### HOARDS OF COTTON.

"The rebels, in burning the cotton of the planters, have made for themselves bitter enemies and for us strong friends. More than one planter told me that until their cotton was burned they were as good Confederate States men as any. Now they would rather *give* the Yankees every pound of it than have it fall into Confederate hands. They told me also that no planter had burned his own cotton willingly; and that cotton, in small quantities, was hidden in every swamp and bayou in Mississippi, it having been placed upon barges and taken, at high-water, up a then navigable bayou, which may only now be reached by canoes.

"Of the quantity of cotton destroyed I think we have but little comprehension. I was told in Memphis that, some time previous to the occupation of the place by our troops, there started from that city a lawless band of poor whites—bacon-eating scoundrels, who had never owned a pound of cotton in their lives. These visited the Mississippi on either side, burning and destroying. Up the Arkansas, the Red River, and the Yazoo, not a bale of cotton that they could find escaped the flames. They returned to Memphis, after an absence of five weeks, and reported the destruction of 800,000 bales of cotton.

### CAPTURE OF RED BILL.

"For a long time after the occupation of the city of New Orleans there appeared to be a hesitancy among the people known to be Union, in coming forward and expressing their sentiments.

"The reason for this was soon found to be a fear of a band of desperadoes calling themselves Thugs. They had been in the habit for some years of murdering the citizens of New Orleans whenever and wherever they pleased. These men General Butler at once set about catching, for the purpose of trying, convicting, and punishing them for their crimes. Adams, the two Du Pratts, M'Niel, Leggett, and others, were soon in durance vile at the forts. There then remained but one of the desperadoes uncaptured, Red Bill, and he was soon discovered to be lurking near Lake Salvador, and parties were daily dispatched in quest of him, but for a long time were unsuccessful in their search.

"More definite intelligence reaching the parties in search, a party set out from New Orleans, disguised as fishermen, for Lake Salvador. Arriving at the lake they commenced hauling their seine, and were joined by another party of fishermen, and soon after by Red Bill. On leaving them he was tracked to his lair. At midnight, by creeping, they surrounded his couch, seized, and bound him. On searching his bed, two pistols and a hatchet were found under his pillow. He told his captors that he had seen the different parties sent to capture him—had talked and drank with them. General Butler will mete out a just punishment to this last of the Thugs, so that he will be no more a terror to the denizens of New Orleans.

### CROSSING CATTLE FOR THE REBELS.

"A large portion of the supplies for the rebel army of the Valley of the Mississippi have come from Texas. The mouth of the Red River is the great crossing-place for these supplies. In the sketch two steamers, having barges laden with cattle in tow, are conveying them across the river. This favorite crossing-place is now, however, broken up, as one or more gun-boats are constantly stationed there. The *Hon. H. Webb* and the *Music* are now, with the exception of the *Arkansas*, the only rebel craft on the river. The two former are close prisoners on the Red River.

### GRAND GULF.

"Of what was formerly the pretty little town of Grand Gulf there remains now a few chimneys standing. After two warnings not to fire into our transport vessels, and those laden with sick soldiers, which warnings were disregarded, a passing gun-boat took the matter in hand, and demolished the town. Since that event there has been no firing into our vessels, except from Vicksburg.

### ELLIS CLIFF.

"Ellis Cliff is probably the strongest position on the river below Vicksburg. The river seems surrounded on three sides by a towering cliff, from 250 to 300 feet in height. From this place our vessels have been frequently fired into by light batteries which are kept on the move from place to place.

### THE MORTAR FLEET.

"The mortar fleet of Commodore Porter has, by its wonderful efficiency and management, proved itself to be of immense value. I have watched the shells thrown from these vessels to a distance of over two miles, and two out of five shells would be sure to lodge in the earth-works being thrown up by the rebels. It hardly seems possible that a mortar should be capable of such accurate firing. The vessels are concealed in the most ingenious manner, every portion of the spars and rigging being carefully covered with branches of trees and shrubbery; so that at the distance of a mile and a half or two miles it is impossible to see the vessels, moored as they are near the thickly-wooded banks of the river.

"For the information of the many who may not be entirely *au fait* with the manipulation of the mortar and the mode of working it, I will give a short description of it: The mortar, by means of a mathematical instrument, is pointed at the exact elevation of 45 degrees. A wooden bar, or sight, with a spirit-level attached, is then firmly screwed to the trunnion, and the exact position of the mortar at its elevation of 45 degrees is marked upon it. With the distance to be fired varies the charge of powder, each charge being carefully weighed and placed in the mortar loose, instead of in cartridge. When the distance fired is very great, and the charge of powder in consequence large, the men—to avoid the effect of the heavy concussion—stand on tip-toe and with mouths open. The open mouth allows the sound to reach the inside of the ear-drum, reduces the effect of the concussion, and renders the shock much less severe."

A third picture shows us the Sharp-shooters of the Fleet lying behind the bulwarks on the look-out for rebel sharp-shooters ashore.

## THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number our series of illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by Mr. Alfred R. Waud. Mr. Waud writes respecting the illustrations on pages 516 and 517:

### THE RIGHT WING FALLING BACK.

"This was a scene to be remembered. It occurred at two A.M. on Sunday, 29th June. The clearing was filled with wagon-trains, shown up by the glare of fires lighted for the destruction of such stores as it was impossible to convey with the army. Among these the artillery and infantry steadily moved to take up positions for their defense. By the dull glow of the fires guns in position came into sight formed across the field; and occasionally, when a box of cartridges or other inflammable material would explode, the whole scene would be illuminated brightly in all its detail: artillery moving; guns in battery, with the tired cannoniers sleeping around them; wagon-trains forming for a move; soldiers burning stores, *con amore*, that 'Johnny Reb' might not profit by them; stragglers and sick working their weary way along, and much more, making a scene of the most dramatic character.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT HEAD-QUARTERS, HARRISON'S LANDING, VIRGINIA.

"Every Sunday morning an open-air service is held in the camp of head-quarters, at which General M'Clellan is a punctual attendant. Seated around may be seen generals, with members of the staff, and other officers of the army; sometimes a naval officer, and a few outsiders of various denominations. The attention displayed must be gratifying to the chaplains who officiate, though the gentlemen who represent the Church here are not generally its most brilliant lights. The scene is not without its suggestions. The groups of officers and soldiers, so lately grimed with dust and battle-sweat, and gaunt with fatigue and hunger, refreshed by rest, show few signs of their recent struggles. The sentries, leaning their heads upon their keen sabre-bayonets, join in the hymns—real Ironsides these. The military band takes the place of the organ, preluding and accompanying the hymns, in which few join, and playing for opening and closing voluntaries selections from *Traviata*. Down below rolls the placid yellow James, and from it arises other sounds: the hoarse roar of letting off steam; the rattling of a cable as a gun-boat or transport comes to an anchor; the shouts of drivers leading their horses splashing into the river to drink; and the spiteful, high-pressure puffing of a propeller looking after its tow. M'Clellan sits or stands calm and thoughtful through the service, the presence of a stranger drawing one quick, searching glance from him—a look which a sensitive individual would not care to encounter as a delinquent. In dress the General is, of all present, least ostentatious—a plain undress sack without shoulder-straps, pants without a stripe, gaiters, and a gray shirt comprising all. Yet none could fail to see at once in him the commander."

### BAYONET CHARGE OF THE SECOND EXCELSIOR REGIMENT AT FAIROAKS.

Regarding the illustration on page 524, Mr. Waud writes:

"I send this under the direction of General Sickles and Colonel Hall (his was the only regiment of the Excelsior Brigade that charged). The locality is correct. The line of the men is correct, and the enemy's skirmishers as Hall found them. No hand-to-hand desperate work by demoniac individuals in Zouave dress and caps—the Excelsior Brigade wears the infantry uniform with felt hats. I could not send this at the time as I was flat on my back."

## THE CONFLICT.

There are sounds of fearful meaning struggling through the steadfast pines,
And the pale earth shudders weakly to the tramp of battle lines,
And the bayonets flash defiance where the bright sun on them shines.

Months have gone since first this warning chilled with woe the south wind's heat:
"You have wronged us! you have trampled every right beneath your feet!
And no more with brothers' greetings, hands fast locking, will we meet!"

Then went down the flag of Sumter, and our young men, brave and strong,
Dropped the hands of dancing maidens, closed the lips on jest and song—
Paler grew the mothers' faces, gazing on the eager throng;

And from some the cry went upward, "Oh, my parted household band!
In the fearful hour of conflict face to face my sons shall stand,
God forbid that Death should find one guided by the other's hand!"

Oh the days that lie before us! who shall speak with steady tongue
Of the time when foul Disunion to the breeze its banner flung,
While the writhing, loathsome Hydra, hissing to its standard clung?

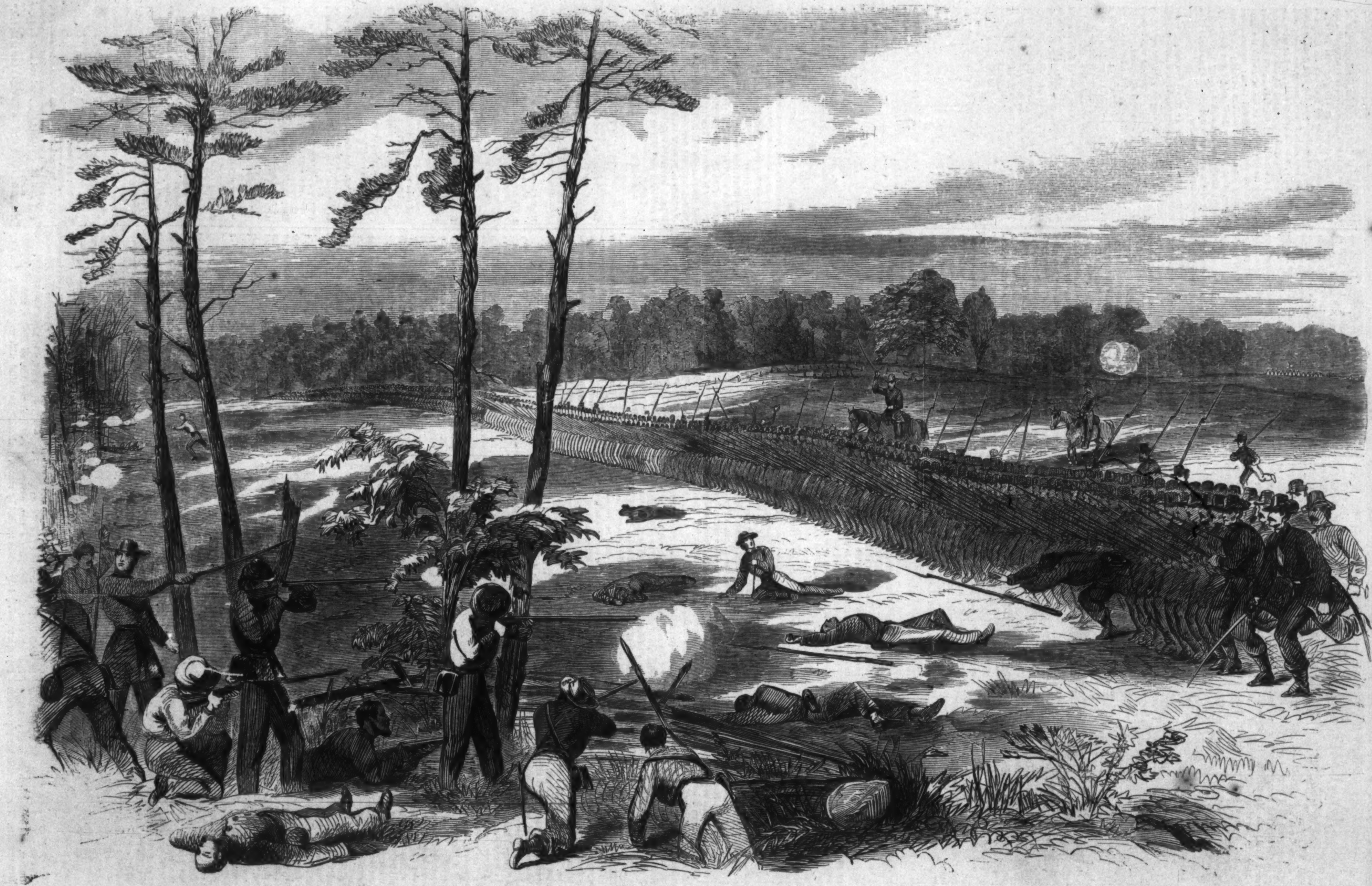
Many an old man's lips shall quiver when some fair child at his knee
Asks about his soldier father, dead beside the Tennessee;
"Grandpa, when the Union soldiers came, what made the generals flee?

"Mother says they fled one morning, riding swiftly down the hill,
And they made my darling father go with them against his will,
Else he might have been beside us, with his strong arms round me still."

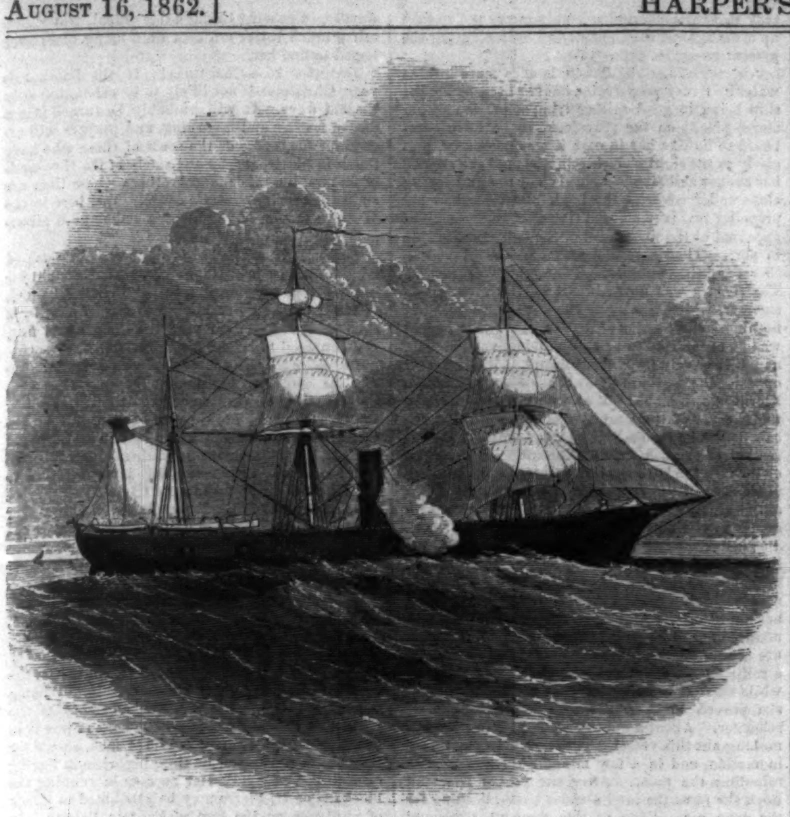
Many a young man's hair shall whiten with the memory of that day
When he floated down the river, awful in its war array,
And beheld the white smoke curling where last morn his homestead lay.

Yet our soldiers smile right bravely, and with faces toward the foe,
Say, "Oh, let us hear the drum beat and the wild war bugle blow,
Darker glooms the doubt-veiled safety than the danger that we know.

"And the banner left by freedom unto North, South, East, and West,
Still shall lift o'er every city proud and high its eagle crest,
Though from every loyal fireside steps a hero to his rest."



BAYONET CHARGE OF THE SECOND EXCELSIOR REGIMENT, COLONEL HALL, AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS, JUNE, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 523.]



THE PIRATE "SUMTER."—[DRAWN BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

# THE CRUISE OF THE REBEL SHIP "SUMTER."

[*From the Private Journal of one of her Officers.*]

NEW ORLEANS.—*June* 3, 1861.—This morning the *Sumter* went into commission. The Confederate tricolor with its eleven stars, each star representing a sovereign State, was raised at the peak of the vessel, and duly honored by a salute from her guns. For the past fortnight strenuous exertions have been used to get her ready to receive her armament, ammunition, stores, coals, etc., in order that she may get to sea before the mouths of the Mississippi are sealed by the blockading fleet of the United States Government. Already reports reach New Orleans that two ships of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and the *Powhatan*, both steamers, and represented as having powerful batteries and being uncommonly swift—are lying off the mouths of the Mississippi. In the face of these discouraging rumors the commander of the naval station and his subordinates have at length completed the repairs on the *Habana*, and christened her the *Sumter*—a cherished name to every Southron. Who knows but that this little steamer may bear the Southern flag to distant seas, and win for herself an immortal name? Much is expected of her. Her model is perfectly symmetrical, her masts are long and raking, her spars slender and nicely proportioned. She is a propeller, bark-rigged, carrying five guns—four 32's, and one 68 on a pivot. Her complement of men is 114. She is to be commanded by Captain Semmes, a veteran officer of the old navy. All who know him represent him as being a skillful seaman, a good tactician, an excellent diplomatist, and a brave man.

*June* 13.—The *Sumter's* trial trip took place to-day. As the ship was cast loose from her moorings, and steamed out into the stream, the river's banks were crowded by an applauding multitude. When about ten miles above the city the guns were tested with satisfactory results.

*June* 17.—Sailing orders are momentarily expected. We may sail to-night. How the people flock to see her as the time draws near for her departure!

*June* 18.—The ship is under sailing orders, and the executive officer is instructed to permit no one to go ashore.

*June* 19.—Arrived here (opposite Forts St. Philip and Jackson) to-day. On the way to this place stopped at the Barracks to take in powder. Will remain here a while to perfect the men in their exercises at the guns. After which—why, probably an attempt will be made to run the blockade!

*June* 24.—(Head of the Passes.)—After remaining anchored a week between the forts, the welcome order was at length given to heave anchor and get under way. Never was an order more cheerfully obeyed! It is a matter of wonder how human beings can live there. The mosquitoes are greater torments than the ten plagues of Egypt combined! Here, at the Head of the Passes, it is a comparative elysium. The gentle breezes from the Gulf are most refreshing. The mast-heads of the ships composing the blockading squadron can be distinctly seen from aloft. How the *Sumter* will ever get out is a mystery.

*June* 25.—An officer was sent to-day to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. He and his commander afterward landed at the light-houses at Pass-à-l'Outre and South Point, destroyed the buildings, and turned adrift all the oil. This daring feat was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and *Powhatan* lying not more than two miles off.

*June* 29.—Since the *Sumter* left New Orleans the little steamer *Ivy* has acted as her tender. This morning she went down the river to reconnoitre, and soon returned and reported that the coast was clear. Immediately the vessel's anchor was hove up, and she was got under way. In less than half an hour she was at the bar. Before crossing it the huge hull of the *Brooklyn* was seen just behind a point of land not far off, with her top-gallant masts housed. She being too close to render the attempt to run the blockade safe, the *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction whence she came, and soon afterward anchored at the Head of the Passes. Here she will wait, as did Micawber, for something to turn up. After all, who knows but that the wicked little *Ivy* brought a false report on purpose to create a little excitement—merely to prevent the boys dying of *ennui?*

*June* 29.—To-day a field howitzer—a 12-pounder—was brought down by the *Ivy* from Fort Jackson and added to the armament of the *Sumter*.

*June* 30, 4½ P.M.—The *Sumter* has run the blockade at last! She is now bounding over the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico; and if she does not soon slacken speed she will ere many days be in the Caribbean Sea. Every thing was managed admirably. At two o'clock in the morning the steamer *Empire Parish* dropped alongside laden with coal, 200 barrels of which were transferred to the *Sumter's* bunkers before daylight. The *Empire Parish* then steamed down the river, returning about eleven o'clock—just as all hands had been piped to muster—with the welcome intelligence that the blockading squadron had disappeared. The *Sumter* was got under way in double quick time. Directly after crossing the bar the *Brooklyn* was seen in chase of a sailing vessel, which chase she soon abandoned and shaped her course for the *Sumter*. At this time the latter ship had no sail on, but soon a favorable breeze sprung up, and the order was given to unfurl. The *Brooklyn* followed her example, spreading every yard of canvas that would draw. The speed of the two ships seemed to be about equal, and for more than two hours it was doubtful whether the little "rebel" would come out victor or vanquished. She was sadly out of trim, being too much down by the head, which caused her to plunge greatly, keeping the forecastle continually covered with spray. To remedy this the field howitzer and about 1500 gallons of water were thrown overboard. Up to this time the *Sumter* carried only 18 pounds of steam; suddenly the hand of the steam-gauge indicated that it had been increased to 27 pounds. It soon became evident that the *Sumter* was gaining on the Yankee. The *Brooklyn's* hull gradually sank beneath the horizon, but still she continued the chase, until nothing could be seen of her save her white sails—of which she carried a huge quantity. After a chase of four hours her commander saved the credit of his ship as a fast sailer by turning back! As soon as the enemy wore ship the *Sumter's* crew manned the rigging and cheered ship most heartily.

*July* 2.—The *Sumter* has steadily continued on her course southward. It is a great relief to be rid of all bustle, and be thus quietly cruising along.

*July* 3.—This afternoon, about three o'clock, the look-out reported a sail. As it was the first one seen her appearance was greeted with pleasure. Chase was given; but she proved to be, not a Yankee, but a Spaniard. Her papers were found correct, and she was permitted to continue on her course. Immediately afterward another sail was descried—the American ship *Golden Rosket*—a fine vessel of about 1000 tons burden, bound from Havana to Cienfuegos, in ballast. She being a lawful prize her crew was transferred to the *Sumter:* her spare sails and a portion of her stores were taken out of her, and then she was consigned to the flames. The *Rocket's* sails were all set, and the flames leaped into them, dancing a wild fantastic dance from rope to rope. As the fire spread and took a firmer hold of the doomed ship the heavens were illumined gloriously. But it was indeed a sad sight to witness the destruction of such a splendid vessel. When last seen she was a mass of flame from bowsprit to taffrail—enveloped in a winding-sheet of fire.

*July* 4.—This is the anniversary of the birth of freedom in the Western World; and on this day we, seamen of the Confederate States, captured the American brig *Cuba*. First sending on board a prize crew, we took her in tow. Soon afterward, however, the tow-line parted, when instructions were given to the prize-master to permit none of his men to go aloft, lest an attempt might be made to recapture her, the old crew being still on board. Late this afternoon another vessel—the brig *Machias*—was captured, and given in charge of a prize crew.

*July* 5.—The sound "Sail ho!" is becoming familiar to our ears. It was heard twice to-day, and each sail was a prize. The names of the vessels are the *Ben Dunning* and *Alibert Adams*, both brigs, and both from Cuban ports, laden with the productions of the tropics. If the *Sumter* continues capturing at this rate, she will soon be compelled to go into port to leave her prizes and get back her men who are in charge of them. It is likely she will put into some Cuban port, near which coast she now is.

*July* 6.—Success still attends us. Yesterday the bark *Louisa Kilham*, and the brigs *West Wind* and *Naiad*, were captured. This is doing a wholesale business. The *Sumter* is as attractive to Yankee ships as the light of a candle is to the fire-fly, and equally as fatal. After the capture of the last-named vessel we shaped our course for Cienfuegos, Cuba, and anchored near the outer fort, about four o'clock this afternoon. We waited outside until all our prizes, except the brig *Cuba*, which has not yet made her appearance, sailed in; the *Sumter* then followed in their wake, like a mother watchfully protecting her children. All the prizes brought into this port will be taken charge of by the Cuban authorities, subject to the order of the commander of the *Sumter*. This is cheering. The Northerners predicted that no nation with which they were on terms of amity would permit any vessel belonging to the Confederate States to enter their ports.

*July* 7.—Finished taking in water and coal, and sailed this morning.

*July* 17.—Arrived off the harbor of St. Anne, island of Curaçoa, yesterday evening, and this morning steamed in. The men are attired in their best clothes, the officers in full uniform, while the Confederate flag is flying, and the commander's whip-like pennant gayly fluttering at her main. Thousands of people are assembled on the quays to see the little stranger. Amicable relations have been established, and the *Sumter* is quite "a lion." She is in need of a few repairs, which will be made before we sail again.

*July* 24.—The *Sumter* sailed from St. Anne this morning. As she passed the guard-ship cheers were given, which were caught up by the multitudes assembled on either side of the inlet. Not the least gratifying part of this ovation was the waving of handkerchiefs by some of earth's fairest daughters. These friendly manifestations were duly appreciated, as we proved at the time.

*July* 25.—The old, familiar sound "Sail ho!" is heard once more. "Star-spangled banner, long may it wave!" Francis Key never uttered this prayer more fervently than do the *Sumter* "rebels;" for they know that wherever "floats that standard sheet" they are sure of a prize. This one is the *Abby Bradford*, a pretty little schooner, hailing from Portland, State of Maine. As she has a full cargo, a prize crew has been put on board, who will take her into the nearest port, the *Sumter* accompanying her.

*July* 26.—Anchored to-day outside the harbor of Porto Cabello, Republic of Venezuela. Owing to the commander's refusal to comply with a certain port regulation the authorities would not grant either the *Sumter* or her prize permission to enter the harbor.

*July* 27.—Being still unable to gain admission into the harbor the *Sumter* and her prize left Porto Cabello this morning. Not long afterward the bark *Joseph Maxwell*, of Philadelphia, was captured. Her cargo being very valuable, and selected with a view to its sale in the West Indies, or the Spanish Main, the *Sumter* returned with her to Porto Cabello. The authorities refused to admit either vessel, but a portion of the crew of the *Maxwell* was allowed to land, being taken charge of by the United States consul. Thereupon the *Sumter* and the *Maxwell* left the port; and when out at sea a prize crew was sent on board with orders to sail for Cienfuegos. At the same time the *Abby Bradford* was dispatched to New Orleans by way of Berwick's Bay.

*July* 30.—Arrived about noon at Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad.

*August* 1.—A great number of persons have visited the *Sumter* here. They can not conceive how it was possible for her to have run the blockade at New Orleans. They had read all the proclamations of the President of the Northern Republic, and believed he would make good his threats; and again, they believed that the Northern navy was sufficiently numerous to sweep from the seas every ship of the Southern Confederacy.

*August* 3.—The British steamer *Cadmus* arrived to-day. She is a stanch-looking vessel, carrying twelve guns. The most friendly intercourse exists between the two commanders and their officers. The remark was made, "The English here treat us more like princes than plain Republican Americans." No tidings have been received of the prize brig *Cuba*, captured off Cienfuegos. The journals make no mention of her arrival there; and fears are entertained that ill has befallen her.

*August* 5.—Sailed from Port of Spain.

*August* 16.—Arrived off the harbor of Cayenne, French Guiana. The commander being unwilling to comply with one of the port laws relative to war-vessels the *Sumter* left during the afternoon. Some of her officers, however, went ashore, and learned that two days before a United States gun-boat had been there looking for the *Sumter*.

*August* 18.—After leaving Cayenne the vessel's course was shaped for Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, off which port she signaled for a pilot until sundown; none having arrived at that hour she came to anchor. About twilight a sail was seen in the distance approaching the *Sumter*. It was soon apparent that she was a steam war-vessel. Steam was raised, the anchor hove up, all hands beat to quarters, the guns manned, the old charges drawn and fresh ones put in their places. By the time all these preliminaries had been arranged it was ascertained, by the aid of the night telescope, that the strange vessel had anchored. The *Sumter* followed suit; but a vigilant look-out is kept upon the movements of our supposed enemy.

*August* 19.—Early this morning the look-outs had reported that the steamer outside was under way. Slowly she steamed toward the *Sumter*, seeming to have made every preparation for attack. She had not yet hoisted her flag, neither had the *Sumter*—each commander being apparently desirous of learning the nationality of the other first, and of letting him know, by a death-dealing broadside, that an enemy was at hand. The stranger looked like an American-built vessel, having long mast-heads and a sharp overhanging bow. Yes, there was no mistaking her—she must be one of the gun-boats sent in search of the *Sumter*. When she was near enough for the number of her guns to be determined, we were glad to find that she carried but one gun more than the *Sumter*, and that the disparity was no greater. Slowly and cautiously the vessels neared each other. When not more than a cable's length off, our first lieutenant hailed her in a loud voice, "Ship ahoy!" "Hallo!" was promptly answered. "This is the Confederate States steamer *Sumter*—what vessel is that?" After waiting about half a minute, which seemed an age, the *enemy* replied: "The French steamer *Abbeville!*" Here was a disappointment—after all this preparation for mortal combat, to find at last that the supposed enemy was a friend! There was not a single man who would not freely have relinquished all the prize-money then due to him could he have transformed the Frenchman into a Yankee. She was nearer the equal of the *Sumter* than they ever expected to meet again, and the *Sumter* had captured so many merchantmen that it might be said she did not care to meet any other class of vessels. After the Frenchman had given his name he was asked if he had a pilot. He answered in the negative; and added that it was his intention to go in without one, as he knew the channel well. He did so, and we followed him. Soon after the *Sumter* anchored one of the Governor's aids came on board to welcome our commander. Several Yankee vessels in port, as soon as the *Sumter* arrived, ran up the Stars and Stripes.

*August* 28.—No one belonging to the *Sumter* has cause to complain of the treatment he has received here. Not a day has passed since her arrival but what some demonstration of sympathy for the cause of the South, or of respect and friendship for the commander of the *Sumter*, has taken place. . . . . Late advices from Cuba announce that the crew of a small vessel, previously captured by a Southern man-of-war—name not given—had overpowered and murdered the prize crew. It is feared that the "small vessel" alluded to is the brig *Cuba*.

*August* 29.—We received intelligence this morning that a gun-boat, bearing the flag of the United States, had been seen cruising off the mouth of the Surinam—the river on which Paramaribo is situated. If this is true, this vessel is no doubt one of the fleet of cruisers sent in search of the *Sumter*.

*August* 30.—The *Sumter* steamed out of the harbor, followed by the most cheering evidences of the friendship of the people.

*September* 5.—(Maranham.)—After five days' pleasant sailing from Paramaribo, the *Sumter* arrived, without any thing having occurred worthy of note, in the domains of the Emperor of Brazil. Found in port two Brazilian men-of-war—between which, and right abreast of an immense fort, she is now at anchor.

*September* 14.—The *Sumter* has been ready to sail for several days, but has been detained on account of the non-arrival of the mail, which was received yesterday. Its advices confirm the recapture of the brig *Cuba*. The prize crew consisted of two sailors and two marines, the prize-master being Midshipman Hudgins. One of the sailors, Davidson, informed the captain of the brig, who, although a prisoner, was allowed to remain on board the *Cuba*, that he and the other sailor, Spencer, were willing to lay down their arms and surrender the vessel to him, provided he would guarantee them pardon from the President of the United States. Captain Stroud promised to use his influence to that end, whereupon the sailors delivered up their arms, and tried to persuade the marines to follow their example. They refused, and informed Mr. Hudgins of the treachery of the two sailors. By this time Captain Stroud, having taken measures for regaining possession of the brig, ordered Mr. Hudgins to give up his weapons. He declined to do so, whereupon Captain Stroud made a signal, which was answered by his own men and the renegades. In the mean time Mr. Hudgins climbed a mast, from which he fired repeatedly at the party on deck, wounding several men, one fatally; however, he himself was wounded in turn, and thus compelled to descend. The two marines gallantly seconded their commander, but were soon overpowered and put in irons—a punishment that was afterward accorded to the two traitors.

*September* 15.—Sailed from San Juan de Maranham, Brazil.

*September* 25.—The *Sumter* has now ceased to exercise her vocation so long that the Yankee shippers doubtless think she has bidden farewell to the Spanish Main. If Captain Briggs, of the *Joseph Park*, entertained any such opinion he was undeceived to-day. About three o'clock this afternoon a rakish-looking little bark hove in sight; it was Briggs's brigantine. We were soon alongside of her. When her first-mate made the unpleasant discovery that his neighbor was an armed Confederate vessel he attempted to give his bark more sea-room; but his efforts availed him not, though he handled his vessel in a very seamanlike manner. The *Joseph Park*, too, was remarkably swift. However, the captain thought it best to heave-to and haul down the once glorious Stars and Stripes.

*September* 27.—For the past two days the *Sumter* and her prize have been cruising along under easy sail, both vessels displaying lights at night, and keeping within sight of each other during the day. To-day, however, the *Sumter* dropped alongside of the *Park*, and after the transfer of the prize crew and a portion of her stores to the steamer, she was first used as a target, and then made a bonfire of.

*October* 22.—Nearly one month has elapsed since the capture of the *Joseph Park*, and not a single sail has been seen during that time. We think of the Yankees' boast, that their sails whiten the ocean!

*October* 24.—A sail at last! It is a pleasure to see one occasionally, though it may not be one of the kind we are in quest of. To-day a French brig was boarded. The captain being asked the news from the States, replied, "Before I left home I heard they were fighting in America, but I did not learn who were the belligerents, what they were fighting for, or which was the victorious party!" This Gaul certainly takes very little interest in other people's affairs.

*October* 28.—The cruise of the *Sumter*, during the last month, has been attended with so little success that it seemed her guardian angel had flown; but to-day she has shown her face again. The blessing she has bestowed on us this time is a pretty little schooner, the *Daniel Trowbridge*, crammed with every thing in the eating line we could desire.

*October* 29.—Early this morning a boat was sent off to the prize for a supply of fresh provisions and returned with sheep, pigs, potatoes, and an abundance of fowl—luxuries we had not indulged in for a long time. During the excellent dinner we enjoyed to-day many thanks were expressed for the kindness of Uncle Abe, in thus remembering us in our hour of need—of fresh provisions.

*October* 31.—Since the capture of the *Trowbridge* every body has been busy. A portion of the crew has been employed on the prize, breaking out in the hold, to get the provisions required for the ship's use; while another gang has been making room for the reception of new stores. During this time her decks have looked liked a compromise between a provision wareroom and a slaughter-house. Such was the condition of the *Sumter* when, this morning, at eight o'clock, a sail was descried. Preparation was immediately made for the chase. The prize crew was recalled from the schooner, with instructions to fire her before they left. We had become tired of the routine of the past three days, and were glad of the opportunity for a change. What a pleasure it is to be in chase of a ship, especially if her captain is a plucky fellow and a good seaman, as was he of the Danish brigantine *Eliza?* After boarding this ship we proceeded on our course.

*November* 1.—At half past three o'clock this morning a very large and brilliant light was seen from the deck of the *Sumter*. On nearing it, it was discovered to be the burning wreck of the *Trowbridge*. The *Sumter's* course had been changed since she left the schooner in the morning, which accounts for the second meeting of the two vessels—one trim and rakish in appearance, her decks crowded with happy devil-may-care fellows, to whom it mattered not in what direction the prow of their craft was turned; the other a miserable wreck, abandoned to the mercy of the wind and wave, and sending up to heaven masses of smoke and sheets of flame.

*November* 2.—No fewer than three sail have been overhauled to-day, all carrying the flag of Great Britain. One of them reported the capture of the "pirate" *Sumter*, off Charleston Harbor, after a most determined resistance, in which she was dismasted, and lost more than half her crew.

*November* 5.—We meet so many vessels under British colors that the question arises—Are not many of them Yankees in disguise? When we were at San Juan de Maranham it was positively asserted that many Yankee skippers had effected, at that port, a bogus sale of their vessels to English merchants, so that when they sailed they would be under the protection of the British flag! How humiliating it must be to be compelled to resort to these shifts! To-day we boarded the British brigantine *Rothsay*, the French brig *Hélène*, and the British ship *Plover*. The captain of the *Plover* asked the boarding officer if he was in search of the *Sumter*—having mistaken her for a Yankee gunboat. The officer, believing the skipper to be in jest, replied affirmatively. "Then," said the skipper, "it will take a smarter-looking craft than yours to catch the *Sumter;* and even if you find her you can't *take* her!"

*November* 7.—Boarded another vessel bearing the British flag—no evidence, nowadays, that she is owned by British subjects: also a French brig.

*November* 8.—Still another Britisher! The shipbuilders of Albion must have been busy lately.

*November* 9.—This morning the *Sumter* arrived at Port Royal, island of Martinique. Astern of us is the French gun-boat *Achéron*, whose captain paid his respects to the commander of the *Sumter* soon after she anchored.

*November* 10.—We have learned, since our arrival here, that the United States gun-boat reported cruising off the mouth of the Surinam River was the *Keystone State*. The commander made diligent inquiries respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*. On learning from one of the pilots that she was up the river at Paramaribo he immediately put to sea. He acted wisely: for the *Keystone State* is not more than a match for the *Sumter*. In trying to capture her he might have lost his own ship.

*November* 12.—Our stay in Port Royal will be an era in the cruise of the *Sumter*. The crew were permitted to go ashore, and seemed to have enjoyed themselves in the style peculiar to old salts. It has been hinted that the *Sumter* boys are strong advocates of temperance, inasmuch as they strove to *put down* every beverage that would intoxicate. They had many furious encounters in endeavoring to enforce their abstemious principles, for several came aboard minus various very necessary articles of wearing apparel. One of them, to show his love of pure cold water, jumped off the wharf and attempted to *wade* to the ship. Had not a boat been promptly sent to his assistance he would never more have answered to the muster-roll. After being fished out of the water and deposited in the boat he attempted to jump out of it, and it required the combined efforts of the crew to prevent it. Seeing that there was danger of the boat being capsized, the commander of the *Achéron* kindly sent his gig to tow the boat alongside of the *Sumter*.

*November* 13.—(St. Pierre.)—We arrived here about noon, having left Port Royal in the morning. Being unable to procure coal at the latter port it was necessary to come hither. As there are so many Yankee cruisers around the West Indies the *Sumter* will not prolong her stay here. A few days before the *Sumter* reached Port Royal the United States war steamer *Iroquoise* put in there, but staid only long enough to inquire after the *Sumter*. She was described as a gun-boat of the largest class, carrying guns of the heaviest calibre.

*November* 14.—The *Iroquoise* has arrived! When first opening the harbor she was disguised; her yards were braced every way, the Danish flag flying at her peak. But this ruse did not deceive us, for many of us had seen her before. Having taken her position in front of the harbor she hoisted the Stars and Stripes, while some of her crew set to work at something on her forecastle—doubtless mounting the forward pivot gun, a 120-pounder. The *Iroquoise* is a magnificent-looking craft, bark-rigged, carrying six heavy guns. As soon as she hoisted the United States flag crowds of people collected on the quays to get a good look at her, some of them even expecting that she would give us battle then and there. Preparations were immediately made for this event. Our ship was cleared for action. The carpenter's gang were set to work making shot-plugs. At twilight all hands were mustered on the quarter-deck, where small-arms were served out; and look-outs were doubled fore and aft.

*November* 15.—Last night about 11 o'clock the *Iroquoise* was seen slowly approaching the *Sumter*. Immediately all hands were called with as little noise as possible. No drum beat to quarters; but "Boys, rouse up, the *Iroquoise* is alongside ready to grapple us!" was sufficient to clear the gun-deck of hammocks in a remarkably short space of time. The gun-deck, being already cleared for action, was properly lighted; the guns were manned, the magazine was opened, and the surgeon and his assistant "stood by." Our big pivot-gun bore directly on the *Iroquoise;* and her crew (the picked men of the ship) made a picture not easily forgotten, as they stood about her, every man with a revolver in his belt and a cutlass at his side. It was thought that the *Iroquoise* would undertake to board us in boats. Had the attempt been made the Yankees would have met with a warm reception. Captain Palmer went ashore directly after his arrival, and boasted that as he had been sent after the *Sumter* he intended to take her. He even had the assurance to ask permission of the authorities to capture her in the harbor. To this modest request he received for an answer: "The *Sumter* can remain in our port and receive the protection of our flag during the pleasure of her commander; but if she, or the *Iroquoise*, violates the neutrality of the port the guns of our forts shall be turned against her." From this we inferred that Captain Palmer might endeavor to carry his point by stratagem. The boys knew that once in the hands of the Yankees they could not expect any other than the most brutal treatment, and, remembering the fate of the *Savannah's* crew, resolved never to give up the ship. Death is preferable to capture.... Seeing that the commander of the *Sumter* and his little crew were as wide awake as himself, Captain Palmer wisely concluded to defer the attack. As the *Iroquoise* wore round and stood out to sea our men were ordered to leave their quarters. Some of them took their hammocks below to finish their night's sleep; others turned into the hammock nettings, or lay upon the deck, all with their arms girded on them or within reach. A few loitered about, discussing the probability of another visit from our friends. The *Iroquoise* dropped alongside of us about one o'clock, and again at three o'clock in the morning, but attempted nothing. ——The French gun-boat *Achéron*, 8 guns, arrived to-day from Port Royal. The commander paid his respects to our captain, through one of his officers, soon after she came to anchor, which courtesy was reciprocated. It is understood that the *Achéron* will have no communication with the *Iroquoise*, nor permit her to communicate with the shore, otherwise than by signals, until she anchors.

*November* 16.—The *Iroquoise* dropped anchor today. Thereupon the commander of the *Achéron* sent an officer on board to confer with Captain Palmer. The result of the conference is that the *Iroquoise* must come to anchor, or else must go three miles outside of the harbor. Immediately after the departure of the officer the *Iroquoise* hove anchor for a cruise in the harbor.

*November* 17.—The time having arrived for the *Iroquoise* either to anchor or leave the harbor, she chose the latter alternative, and is now three miles outside.

*November* 19.—The *Iroquoise* still hovers about us. The harbor, like that of New Orleans, is crescent-shaped, but the points are more clearly defined than those of the Crescent City. Between these two points of land, about three miles apart, the *Iroquoise* has taken her position, and is continually steaming from one to the other. It reminds one of a big bully swaggering in front of a little man's door, and daring him to come out and fight.

*November* 22.—The *Sumter* raised steam late this afternoon to test the repairs that have been made on her machinery. Seeing the smoke the *Iroquoise*, after dark, came in much nearer than usual. We learned to-day that several of the crew of the *Joseph Park* and *Daniel Trowbridge*, put ashore at Port Royal by the *Sumter*, but afterward sent to this place by the United States Consul, are now serving on the *Iroquoise*. Before they left the *Sumter* they all spoke gratefully of the treatment they had received, and solemnly swore not to take up arms against the Confederate States during the present struggle.

*November* 23.—The *Sumter* is once more in blue water! Every preparation having been made, the ship being in good sailing trim, a portion of her stores placed on the spar-deck, to be hove overboard to lighten her in case it was necessary, precisely as the eight o'clock gun was fired she slipped her anchor and steamed slowly out to sea, keeping close under cover of the land. Scarcely had her propeller revolved a dozen times before a blue light appeared at the mast-head of the only Yankee ship in port. Then a second signal was displayed on shore, and then another. The engine was stopped. The *Sumter* was now abreast of the French war steamer, which was under the guns of the fort, but nothing could be seen of the *Iroquoise*. The engine was again started; our ship moving very slowly, and still closely hugging the land. When nearly opposite the southern point the *Iroquoise* was seen bearing down on us; but as we were so completely under cover of the land, it was not likely that she saw us. The *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction of the other point, but afterward she ran closer into the harbor, all the time watching every movement of the *Iroquoise*. Seeing that she was still watching the southern point, the *Sumter* shot across to the northern point at her fullest speed. Just before she reached the point a vessel was seen a little ahead of her. The engine was again stopped to determine the character of this craft. The darkness was so intense that it was impossible to make her out at first. A blundering quarter-master pronounced her to be an armed steamer; after a minute of anxious suspense she was transformed into a sailing frigate, lying broadside on; and finally, while we were in momentary expectation of attack, she proved to be a harmless little fore-and-aft schooner. About a quarter of an hour was lost in making out this vessel. The engine was again set in motion, and in a few minutes the *Sumter* was rounding the point. After she passed Diamond Rock she gave the land a wider berth, heading for the open sea. Even at this moment we could scarcely realize that the wide-awake Captain Palmer could be foiled so easily. Did he wait until morning watching the southern point? or did he give chase to an imaginary *Sumter?* It will be hard to convince him now that the rebels did not leave St. Pierre either by the overland or the underground route..... The *Sumter* passed the Island of Dominique at 10.35. Allowing for the detention at the point, she made the thirty miles in two hours; this is good time, considering that she encountered a head wind and a rough sea. The boys refuse to call this running the blockade; they say it was merely a little Saturday night's frolic, and it would be nothing but right to return and give Captain Palmer another chance of promotion. It should have been stated that a large and brilliant light, which was placed astern of the *Sumter*, in the window of a building near the Cathedral, every night after the arrival of the *Iroquoise*, was hauled down as soon as the former got under way. Four lights, seemingly on a flag-staff, were placed one above another, on a house-top, supposed to be that of the United States Consul; after being displayed about five minutes they were put out, one at a time. The vessel that raised a blue light to her mast-head was the same one that hauled down the British flag, which she had flown ever since the *Sumter* had been in port, and hoisted her proper colors, the Stars and Stripes, as soon as the *Iroquoise* arrived.

*November* 25.—To-day we captured the ship *Montmorenci*, of Bath, Maine, with a cargo of 1800 tons of coal, consigned to British residents in St. Thomas. Her captain executed a bond to the value of the ship in favor of the commander of the *Sumter*. After taking from her her papers and colors she was permitted to continue on her course.

*November* 26.—Captured and burned the schooner *Arcade*, of Portland, Maine.

*December* 3.—Early this morning a large ship was overhauled—the *Vigilant*, bound to Sombrero Island for guano. Her crew, all blacks, were terribly frightened at seeing the *Sumter*. When the prize-crew boarded her the negroes could hardly be prevented from jumping overboard, and when they came aboard the *Sumter* they acted as though their hour had come. Some of them verily believed that they would have to walk a plank. The *Vigilant* was stripped of every thing we wanted and then fired. We took from her a 9-pounder rifle-gun, which is mounted on the forecastle, in place of the one hove overboard in running the blockade of the Mississippi.

*December* 8.—Maine has given us three ships this week; now it is the turn of the old Bay State. A bark, fitted out for a three-years' whaling voyage, was made a bonfire of to-day. She was fourteen days out from New Bedford. She had sprung a leak, which kept the men continually at the pumps; some of them were in an almost exhausted condition. The approach of the *Sumter* was hailed with joy.

*December* 14.—For several days past we have had rough weather; and last night it blew a perfect hurricane. Early in the evening all the hatches were battened down, and the guns secured—precautions which were taken not a moment too soon. At midnight the gale raged with extraordinary violence. Winds and waves seemed to have entered into a league to destroy us. At one o'clock this morning a sea struck her forward, staving in the bulwarks on the starboard side of the gun-deck, and carrying away one of the stanchions to which the bow guns were partly secured. The gun, a 32-pounder, finding itself adrift, started off on a cruise on its own account. It was soon captured, however, and carried back to its old quarters. The hole in the ship's side was temporarily repaired, by which time the flying jib-boom was sprung; however, we got it rigged in, and all the gear and the jib were saved in good condition. Just before daylight the storm began to abate, but even now (11 A.M.) the ship is pitching terribly, showing her keel to the skies and her decks to the fishes. The *Sumter*, in passing through this ordeal, proved herself a much better sea-boat than many of us even hoped to find her.

*December* 25.—Christmas! In the South, this year, Christmas is not likely to be celebrated as in the old days. It will probably be turned into a day of fasting and mourning, and prayers will ascend for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen in battle, and for the safety of the thousands of fathers, husbands, and brothers whose lives are staked for their country's cause. We, here in the Western Ocean, have passed a sad day—a miserable imitation of Christmas.

*December* 28.—The British bark *Rouchabuctoo*, of Aberdeen, was boarded to-day. She brought intelligence of the burning, in the British Channel, of the American packet-ship *Harvey Birch*, by a side-wheel steamer carrying the Confederate flag, and supposed to be the *Nashville*.

*December* 29.—In the track of vessels again. To-day the Southern flag exchanged courtesies with the shipping of many nations—British, French, Dutch, Prussian, etc.—twenty-seven sail in all. Out of this number not a single Yankee! If the terrible *Nashville* has captured them all on this side of the Atlantic, the *Sumter* will have to return to her old cruising ground in the Caribbean Sea.

*December* 30.—The *Sumter* has been half a year out from New Orleans to-day. Since that date she has run two blockades, and evaded the vigilance of the fleet of gun-boats which have been searching for her all over the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. She has captured sixteen valuable prizes; visited ports in Cuba, Curaçoa, Trinidad, Martinique, Venezuela, Dutch and French Guiana, and Brazil. A still more creditable feat is that of crossing the Atlantic in the dead of winter; for the *Sumter* is any thing but a stanch ship. What a reflection it is on the vaunted efficiency of the United States Navy, that a little bark of less than 500 tons, with a crew of only 114 men, should for six months prey upon its shipping without having once to fight for it! Her success in running the blockade of St. Pierre may be attributed to a lack of vigilance on the part of Captain Palmer. In fact, it was the stupidity of his friends on shore that deceived him. He would have done well by imitating the *Sumter* in muffling his lights. He should have remembered how that mighty warrior of olden times, Gideon, with only 300 men, put to flight the hosts of Midian: it was merely by the judicious use of lights!

*January* 3, 1862.—Several vessels have been seen, but the sea was too rough to overhaul them.

*January* 4.—We have arrived at Cadiz. We steamed in without a pilot, though one towed astern, and gave directions as to the channel, not daring to venture on to her decks until she had been boarded by the health officers. These gentlemen have ordered the *Sumter* into quarantine for three days.

*January* 5.—This morning our commander was ordered to leave the port within twenty-four hours. He refused to obey this strange order. The *Sumter* is not in a sea-worthy condition, being very leaky. It is a flagrant violation of international law to withhold succor from a distressed vessel, even though she belongs to an enemy and in time of war. If any doubt existed as to whether an attempt would be made to enforce this mandate, it is now removed. Toward nightfall a large frigate steamed down from the inner bay—the rendezvous of the Spanish war vessels—and anchored near the *Sumter*. It is madness to expect that the *Sumter* would be the victor in an engagement with *her*. Notwithstanding this our commander will not leave this port until his vessel is repaired.

*January* 6.—The hour fixed for our departure has come and gone. This morning the authorities informed us that the Spanish Cabinet had refused to sanction their action, and therefore the *Sumter* would be permitted to remain in the port of Cadiz. Soon afterward the frigate hove anchor and left. Thus ends this miserable farce. Our commander is destined to be popular with the Spaniards: they invariably honor those whom they can not bully.

*January* 7.—This afternoon the prisoners captured on board the *Arcade*, the *Vigilant*, and the *Eben Dodge*—forty-three in all—were sent ashore, the captains of the respective vessels having previously made arrangements with the United States Consul for sending them away. We heartily wish them a pleasant passage home.

*January* 12.—Steamed about fifteen miles up the inlet to the Government navy-yard, where the *Sumter* is to be thoroughly overhauled for repairs.

*January* 14.—The ship has been carefully inspected, and as she is not so much in need of repairs as was anticipated, she will haul out of dock to-morrow. She looks no less beautiful out of the water than in it. Her great length, in proportion to her beam, gives her the appearance of a much larger vessel than she really is.

*January* 15.—Hauled out of the dry dock and were towed down to the city.

*January* 16.—Seven of the crew have deserted here; and so the commander, hearing that much discontent existed in the ship, ordered all hands to be assembled, and addressed them as follows: "I have had you mustered to tell you that I have just received a dispatch from our commissioner in London. He has sent us money and clothing, which are on the way, and will be here in a few days. When they come to hand you will get liberty and money, and will have your run on shore as heretofore. I have endeavored to make you as comfortable as the circumstances of the ship would allow. I am deeply grieved that any of my crew should feel themselves so ill-treated or badly provided for as to desert their colors; not only desert, but to basely sell themselves to the enemy. I will now read to you the law of the Confederate States navy for the punishment of desertion." After reading the clause making desertion punishable with death, he continued: "If I catch any of those deserters I will execute them at the yard-arm. The law leaves me no other alternative. I thought the *Sumter* had acquired some little reputation that would attach her crew to her. The enemy have been chasing you hither and thither. They have been searching for you all over the world; this fact alone should teach you the importance the enemy attach to your capture. You are well thought of by our own Government and throughout Europe. Almost every newspaper I see contains some flattering notice of the *Sumter;* and the time will come when it will be thought no little credit to have served on her. Now, any of you who wish to leave can do so. I will not send officers in the boats to watch you. I do not wish to command a prison ship. I would much rather a man would desert our flag now, in port, than desert his gun in time of action. I will not have such men: I can dispense with all such dross." Then, after calling upon several of the men, upon whom he conferred rates for their good conduct, he ordered all hands to be piped down. The captain's address was delivered with deep emotion, and evidently had the effect of buoying up the spirits of those who were dispirited, if any there were. The United States Consul offers tempting inducements to all who will desert the *Sumter*. He has runners who besiege every boat we send ashore, and who employ every means (except force) to persuade the men to leave.

*January* 17.—Owing to our inability to procure what we required in Cadiz we sailed thence to Gibraltar, only eighty miles distant, which we will reach to-morrow. The conduct of the Spaniards toward us has been so vacillating as to be the source of much annoyance. The day after the arrival of the *Sumter* objection was made to her remaining longer than twenty-four hours. To the order to leave our commander answered that the Queen's proclamation did not apply to vessels in distress; that he would not endanger the lives of his command by going to sea in the condition his vessel was then in. In order to force him to respect this mandate a mammoth frigate was menacingly stationed near the *Sumter*. When the hour for our departure came the Spaniards magnanimously granted us permission to remain. Next she was hauled into one of the Government docks, the officials as polite as Parisians, and seemingly fearful of their inability to pay sufficient deference to our commander. After undergoing slight repairs the *Sumter* was towed down to the city. Here she procured a supply of water, but not a bucket of coal, the sale of it being positively forbidden. The commander was again ordered to leave within two hours. Six hours thereafter the authorities notified him verbally that he could remain and get every thing he required. He replied that he desired nothing from the Spaniards, and would have no further intercourse with them. The written permission of the authorities was promised and declined. Soon after the messenger had left the ship we got under way. When abreast of the outer port the *Sumter* was hailed by a row-boat, the oarsmen bending to their work as though their lives depended on the delivery of the huge papers held aloft by an official in the bow of the boat. Great must have been his astonishment on learning that this document was not worth stopping for!

*January* 18.—We are under the guns of Gibraltar the impregnable. We did not make the harbor until after nightfall, having been detained overhauling a couple of Yankees—the barks *Neapolitan* and *Investigator*. The crew of the former were transferred to the latter, when, after taking from her her papers and colors, she proceeded on her voyage. The *Investigator's* cargo was consigned to English merchants—hence her release. While we were taking from the *Neapolitan* what was necessary for the ship's use we drifted within three miles of the coast of Morocco, where she was burned. Soon after we anchored the senior naval officer of this station sent off a boat tendering his respects, and inquiring if he could be of any service to the commander of the *Sumter*.

*January* 19.—We have received numerous visitors from the British steam-frigate *Scylla*. They expressed surprise that so small a craft should create such a noise in the world. The old saying, that birds of a feather will flock together, is well exemplified in the visits of men-of-war's men to each other.

*January* 21.—The bark *Investigator*, after she was released by the *Sumter*, on the 18th, put into this port and landed the crew of the *Neapolitan*. She sailed to-day for Liverpool. As soon as the *Sumter* arrived the commander was notified that he would not be permitted to land any prisoners of war. As *passengers*, however, there was no objection to landing them from the bark!

*February* 12.—The United States gun-boat *Tuscarora*, which for several weeks has been watching the Confederate States steamer *Nashville* at Southampton, made her appearance here about noon. She is sent hither to watch the *Sumter*, and is now at anchor about half a mile astern of us. She is a new vessel, nearly three times the size of the *Sumter*, and carries nine guns, two of them of the heaviest calibre known to the Northern navy. However, she is not too big to be eluded.

*February* 13.—The *Tuscarora* has steamed over to the Spanish side. This Captain Craven no doubt considers a shrewd move, for, being in Spanish waters, he will have the right to leave at the same hour that the *Sumter* does.

*February* 21.—The paymaster of the *Sumter* left here in a French steamer, on the 18th, for Cadiz. He was accompanied by a Southerner, who was formerly United States Vice-Consul at Cadiz, but resigned on the inauguration of the rail-splitting President of the Northern Confederacy. The steamer stopped at Tangiers, in Morocco, and these two gentlemen went ashore, when they were arrested by a *posse* of soldier-policemen, and dragged to the residence of the United States Consul, where they were incarcerated in irons, as though they were guilty of a heinous crime. With Morocco, as with most Mahommedan countries, Christian powers have stipulated that their citizens and subjects shall not be amenable to the laws of the Moslem, but remain under the jurisdiction of the representatives of their respective Governments. These gentlemen had, of course, no suspicion that such an act could be perpetrated in the territory of a neutral power, notwithstanding the existence of this custom, or they never would have exposed themselves to the treatment they have experienced.

*February* 22.—A letter has been received from the paymaster, announcing that he had made his escape, but was afterward recaptured. He states that his treatment is of the harshest kind, and is rendered still more unendurable by many indignities.

*February* 23.—We raised steam to-day to go alongside of a coal-ship. While the vessel was being unmoored an accident occurred to one of the boilers, of so serious a nature as to compel us to postpone taking in our supply of coals for a few days. The boilers are well-nigh worn out.

*February* 24.—By the last steamer from England we are in receipt of the London *Times* of a recent date, containing statements made by Captains Smith, Minott, and Hoxie, whose vessels—the *Arcade*, *Vigilant*, and *Eben Dodge*—were captured and destroyed at sea on the *Sumter's* passage across the Atlantic. They complain of the filthy condition of the vessel, and of their being messed with the petty officers. Now the truth is that they messed with the warrant officers, whose mess-room, although situated forward, on the orlop deck, was as comfortable and commodious as the size of the ship would allow. For obvious reasons they were not quartered in the cabin or ward-room. When the *Eben Dodge*, Captain Hoxie's ship, was captured, she was in a sinking condition. Her men were so worn at the pump that half of them were helpless, and their health was as carefully attended to by our surgeon and his assistant as that of our own men. Captain Hoxie also complained that his crew were robbed of all their clothing except one suit. The *Eben Dodge* had an outfit of clothing for three years. This clothing was the property of the owners of the ship, put aboard to be served out to the crew as they might require it, and to be charged to their respective accounts. The *Dodge*, when captured, became the property of the Confederate States, with all her tackle and stores; nevertheless, the crew were permitted to retain two suits besides those they wore at the time of capture.

*February* 28.—Several days ago a large sailing war-vessel made her appearance off this harbor. She bears the Stars and Stripes, and appears to be heavily armed. She sailed to-day.

*March* 1.—The unknown war-vessel spoken of above is the United States sloop-of-war *Ino*, 23 guns. When she left yesterday she sailed across the strait to Tangiers, and took aboard the paymaster of the *Sumter*. She afterward returned and anchored in Spanish waters, off Algeciras, whence she sailed to-day for the States, leaving to the *Tuscarora* the pleasant duty of looking after the *Sumter*. The *Ino* is said to be a merchantman transformed into a war-vessel. The intention of the shrewd Secretary of the Northern Navy was to send her into the Mediterranean, where she would be likely to encounter the *Sumter*. The *Sumter*, of course, would drop alongside of her, thinking her an ordinary merchant ship, when the batteries of the *Ino* would open on her, and, with a single broadside, blow the *Sumter* into a million of pieces.

*March* 10.—There has been considerable movement among the Northern war-vessels in these and adjacent waters during the past few days. The *Kearsarge*, Commander Pickering, seven guns, which arrived at Algeciras on the 7th, steamed over and anchored astern of us on the following day. Being ordered to leave yesterday, she returned to the Spanish side. Her guns were all run in, and the ports closed, but at every air and light port a dozen heads could be seen, every eye strained to catch a glimpse of the little blockade-runner. The *Kearsarge* may be a stronger ship, and better armed and more numerously manned than the *Sumter*, but we can beat the Yankees singing. Our old friend the *Tuscarora* now lies just outside the neutral ground in Spanish waters, having been ordered away from this side. The *Flambeau* is at Tangiers, and another Northern war-vessel, name unknown, is reported cruising about the mouth of the Mediterranean.

*March* 14.—After nightfall yesterday an armed sailing-vessel, flying the Stars and Stripes, in attempting to enter the harbor of Algeciras, was fired at twice. She then wore ship, and stood over to this side of the bay and anchored near the neutral ground. This morning she sailed over to Algeciras. The supposed cause of her being fired on is her violation of the port regulation forbidding the entry of vessels after sundown.

*April* 3.—By late advices from the United States we learn that a general naval court-martial had been convened in the Federal capital, and among the cases tried were those of the commanders of the *Brooklyn* and *Keystone State*, the offense of the first being his permitting the *Sumter* to leave the Mississippi River and go to sea while his vessel was stationed there to blockade one of the mouths of that river. It was proved in evidence that the *Brooklyn* was in an unseaworthy condition; that her boilers were unsafe under a full head of steam; and that she was in chase of another vessel at the time the *Sumter* made her escape. If the *Brooklyn* was not sea-worthy, why was she retained as one of the blockading fleet? It is a well-known fact that the *Brooklyn* was one of the strongest and fleetest vessels belonging to the Northern navy, and was, on the 30th of last June, in complete order in every respect. The commander of the *Keystone State* was not so fortunate. It was proved that he was in possession of authentic information respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter;* that she was at the time lying at anchor in the Surinam River, near Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana; that she was poorly armed, and not fully manned; and that there was no excuse whatever for his not meeting her and giving her battle. The commander of the *Keystone State* was sentenced to be cashiered accordingly.

*April* 8.—Owing to the *Sumter's* boilers being completely worn out—they having been patched so often that no reliance can be placed in them—our commander has determined to disband and pay off his crew, and lay up the old ship until the expiration of the war. This news is received on all hands with great joy. We are heartily sick of the life of inactivity we have been leading for the past three months, though much regret will be felt at leaving the old ship which has carried us over so many miles of ocean and through so many perils.

*April* 9.—Paying off and disbanding the crew was commenced to-day. A portion of the crew was sent ashore this afternoon, and the balance will follow them to-morrow. In leaving the *Sumter* many pleasant associations are broken up—many cherished friends are separated. There is not a single man on her but who entertains for our old commander a sincere respect, and would be willing to follow him any where.

*April* 10.—Yesterday the paymaster finished paying off the crew, with the exception of eleven men who remain on board to take care of the ship.

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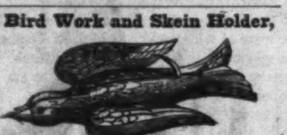

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